



WRFL 88.1fm * Spring '95 * FREE

Itchie

DROP US A TAPE



ART BY P. BAGGE

IF YOU'RE A LOCAL MUSICIAN, WHY BUST YOUR ASS TO GET YOUR MUSIC HEARD ONLY BY THE CONVERTED WHEN YOU COULD DROP A CASSETTE OF YOUR STUFF AT WRFL AND REACH A MUCH WIDER AUDIENCE? NO FLYERS, NO LOADOUTS, NO SPLITS AT THE DOOR, NO HASSLES, NO DUH...

JUST DROP US A TAPE AND OUR PRODUCTION TEAM WILL RECORD A CUT ONTO A MORE DJ-FRIENDLY FORMAT. WHAT'S THIS MEAN TO YOU? IT MEANS THE CHANCES OF YOUR MUSIC BEING HEARD BY A MUCH LARGER AUDIENCE IS ALL BUT GUARANTEED.

IN ADDITION, RFL HAS BEGUN ADDING LOCAL SINGLES TO OUR ROTATION OF NEW MUSIC, MAKING LOCAL MUSIC EVEN MORE APPEALING FOR OUR JOCKS TO PLAY AND RIGHTFULLY PLACING LEXINGTON'S DEVELOPING SCENE IN THE SPOTLIGHT OF OUR SOUND. AFTER ALL, PROMOTING LOCAL ARTISTS WAS ONE OF THE REASONS RADIO FREE LEXINGTON WAS STARTED ~~ONE~~ YEARS AGO... IT'S OUR RESPONSIBILITY.

BUT YOU HAVE TO DO YOUR PART - SUBMIT A TAPE OF YOUR WORK TO WRFL'S LOCAL MUSIC DIRECTOR

THEIR MAILBOX IS JUST INSIDE THE ENTRANCE OF THE RFL STUDIOS IN 104 STUDENT CENTER AT THE CORNER OF LIMESTONE AND EUCLID. Qs? CALL 257-INFO.

YOU HAVE NO RIGHT TO BITCH UNLESS YOU TAKE RESPONSIBILITY FOR YOUR WORK.

seven

WE'LL DO THE REST!

(2)

WRFL
88.1 FM

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slicker
this
year...

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RiFLe eDitor
dAn wA



So if you ever have that special need after a coffee crash or a night of serious introspection, just call on us to make your most extreme neurosis a reality. We are just one shot away from excitement! We know what its like out there, And we've got solutions.

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\$ Elephant loads of thanX to j-toDD-doCKery, VinCe, &
& Tom O. Horatio, Larry O G, digable planets & old
½ Faith no moRe for good workin' music, eLLen Bush,
) JLK, BManley, Scott Russell, Melting A.J. Stinky, &
& Chuck P. Doug Saretsky, all the DJs who contri-
buted to the JoX PiX, & Queen Itchie!!!!!!!!!!!!!!
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the shit-work:

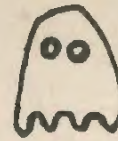
dan & todd

graphics courtesy of myself, the Ass Wizard, Pelce, Itchie, Nick Valle; etc...



Th' ShOOTING gALLERY

WUKKA
WUKKA
WUKKA



Welcome Gentle Reader,

To the upside down world of RiFLe, WRFL's semesterly programming guide. Contained within are reviews, rants, articles of great importance, and lots of little bitty pictures. It's four pages longer than the last one and two breasts shy of an uptight Chancellor. Yikes. Radio Free Lexington, like RiFLe, can stir shit up or just churn out the status quo, depending on who's steering the ship and I must say this year's been a wavy one. There was the woman who called up Chuck Wethington (monarch supreme of U of K) and complained about a Jim Carroll poem aired on RFL that offended her sensibilities. After finding that the track was well within FCC obscenity guidelines, the woman decided to do what she should have done in the first place, not to listen to RFL anymore. Hey, It's a free country last I checked. Then of course there was the whole nudity issue. The last RiFLe included a little picture of a topless woman reading a RiFLe. It was last minute filler material and a bad judgment call perhaps. Chancellor Hemenway somehow got a whiff of it and threw a shitfit, threatening to shut us down, etc..etc.. needless to say, we're still here. Fuck Censorship. That's all I have to say. People in this town are way too uptight. Fuck Phil Collins, fuck Garth Brooks, fuck Boys II Men. We play the real shit. Get on to the bus and stay for the bumpy ride. And just yell if you need anything.



Write
us

At
the Shooting
Gallery

Box 777

University
Station

Lexington KY 40506-0025





Well, lookee here, we got some letters!!
To celebrate this rare occurance, we here
at RiFLe Inc. have decided to print them.
(Since they're all sort of complimentary.)

Dear. BLUE YODEL Disc Jockeys:

I have been an enthusiastic fan of the BLUE YODEL since its inception. Your knowledge and understanding of bluegrass and traditional country music are, indeed, impressive, particularly in view of your youthfulness. I especially value the spontaneity, energy, and unpredictability of your shows. I even enjoy the occasional mistakes and fauxpas.

I, as I approach age sixty, find myself fondly remembering live radio shows, such as yours, when I was a youngster growing up in East Tennessee in the 40's and 50's. The BLUE YODEL format and informality resemble those good old radio days (for example, disc jockeys chatting, giving personal opinions about records and singers, taking telephone requests, and referring to some of your regular listeners by name).

Another pleasurable throwback to the early days of my radio-centered youth is having musicians perform material live in your studio. I appreciate the live music featured on the BLUE YODEL and hard traveling programs. You guys and gals are willing to take on air risks that commercial stations avoid. I commend you for this fresh, risk-taking approach.

Sincerely,

Bill

Bill Gross
WRFL's Self-appointed resident
therapist and President of the
BLUE YODEL and hard traveling
fan club's of North America.

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Michael Joakeng
Joakeng@aol.com
18 September 1994

Shooting Gallery
PO Box 777
University Station (UK)
Lexington, KY 40506-0025



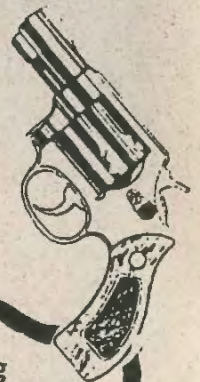
Dear Mr/Mrs/Ms/Mme/Mssr/Herr/Frau Gallery,

Being a new immigrant from the faraway country of Texas, I can not help but share total agreement with the "What Lexington Needs" (sans by-line) obfuscation. It disturbs me to see a city with so many bakeries, coffee shops, book stores and Victorian homes to exist somewhere between headcheese and a toaster oven on the evolutionary scale. I am also disturbed by the pap-culture (and I do mean "pap") that is circulating in the form of Free thinking; a real-fake media phenomenon is great if it's done well. If it weren't for the Liquor Barn, God bless 'em, I probably would've left already (where else can you get coffee for less than six bucks a pound and Sheep Dip scotch under the same roof? The owner[s] should be Sainted and/or Pontifexed).



Basically, the question is: What is it with Lexington? Is there some kind of weird carry-over from the Civil War when Kentucky finally chose to join the Confederacy after it was well established that the Confederacy was losing, thereby incurring the wrath of Andrew Johnson? Or is it the fact that there are so many Volkswagen Jettas and Volvo station wagons on the road? Or, perhaps, are there marauding aliens running around replacing people's brains with Tapioca pudding? These are all points that should be addressed.

Beyond the broad questions asked above, the primary questions we should be asking ourselves are these: Why does it cost \$1.25 to wash a load of clothes in this town while a quarter is good for only 20 minutes of drying time? Why is the main road to a major hospital one lane wide? Why do I get the feeling that the speed of light *still* wouldn't be fast enough for people who drive on Richmond Road? Why does any given road change names half a dozen times? Why does the local paper look like some cheap imitation of USA Today and then have the audacity of being 50¢ per copy? Why does UK produce technicians instead of educated individuals? Where do all



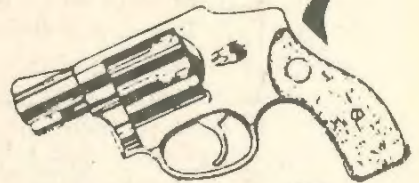
those damn Volvo station wagons come from? Why is a winning athletic department more important than anything else? Where do all the student fees actually go? Why do so many cars have neon ground effects? Why does UK post signs in administrative buildings that state: "Students are the reason we are here" when the average UK student is taken as seriously as a copy of *The Village Voice* at a Young Republicans meeting. I could go on for paragraphs, but you've probably heard or experienced it all before.

Here's a little anecdote that my physics theory professor related to me while I was at UT Austin: "In the event of nuclear war try to get to Kentucky; they're so far behind the times that they probably wouldn't even notice a nuclear holocaust. There's good research to be had tho". I thought he was joking. Don't get me wrong folks, Lexington is a nice place to look at. But, some of the stuff I've seen leads me to conclude that Lexington needs to be hit in the mush with the Baseball Bat O' Reality™.

At least you guys play real music (Grab yo'sef a copy o' Ten Hands' Be My Guru an' play 'de shit outta' "Don't Even Fuck Around" and/or "The Exxon Song"!). Thanks for the good songs.

Love and deuterium (as of the 18th),

Michael L. Joakeng



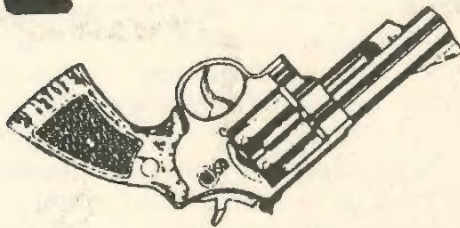
DEAR RAJ CAHWLA:

TODAY WAS THE FIR9T TIME I LISTENED TO INDIAN SONGS PRODUCED BY YOU AT 88.1.

IT IS JUST GREAT. PLEASE ACCEPT OUR APPRECIATION AND THANKS FOR BRINGING US THE MUSIC WHICH WE ENJOY.

SINCERELY

MRS. & MR. BINEY SAGOO
LEXINGTON.



20%
Better off
29%
Worse off
48%
About the same

7

PD'S NOSE
By Manley (Yo)



It's past deadline.

Yeah, I admit it. Dan (official RiFLe editor guy) keeps giving me these dreadful baggy eyed stares, trying to silently let me know that if I don't turn this essay in soon he'll use the namesake of this mag to blow my cold lampin' head into little wiggling, caffeinated pieces of Manley everywhere on the floor (not that you'd notice on WRFL's floor, sometimes). Sorry, Dan, but you just can't rush such quality writing as that which I am about to bestow upon you. You also can't rush me when constructing such intricate fabrications, like the last sentence exemplifies.

Welcome back to RiFLe, the Spring edition. I know nothing can top the hubbub we generated with the Fall outing of this publication a few months back, but we sure as hell will try to make this one as interesting as we can. In fact, I can guarantee that this essay will be even more eye-catching than the breasts that graced our back cover in the Fall (fabrication #2). And if you don't deal well with words and live only for visual stimuli, then turn to the back page after reading this to catch a rare glimpse of my bare chest, a sight o' so many have fought to see (fabrications #3 & 4).

It is really bizarre for me to come to the realization that the year is already half over. It seems like a few days ago that I walking around in a nervous sweat, dressed in a suit and tie (a rare occasion - at least the suit and tie part; its pretty common for me to walk around in a nervous sweat), waiting to be interviewed for this hallowed position of Program Director. Now, a summer and a semester later, I'm still here, and luckily so is WRFL. Of course,

I haven't slept in eight or nine months, but hey, it's worth it in its own sado-masochistic way.

I've tried to bring some changes to Radio Free Lexington; whether or not those zillion goals I had written down in my little black notebook at the beginning of the year have been successfully met, I'm not sure. Sometimes my head gets so involved with little things going on around here, it's hard to keep sight of what I originally started out to do in the first place. Trivial setbacks and unexpected pressures from nowhere have sent me mentally wrenching every strand of hair from my head at times, and some people say that I no longer look like Ralph Macchio or River Phoenix, but the Grinch, instead. All I can say in return is, "it's still fun."

I think one of the factors that has aged me a few years are the quantities of conspiracy theories that seem to haunt my every move. Perhaps its a built-in paranoia that surrounds this position, but warnings have been thrown my way since day one about who hates us, who is plotting to destroy us, and who wouldn't stand up an inch to defend us. I think most of these ideas have been festering around here for quite awhile, and have not accumulated any validity yet. But, then again, I have come against some opposition, and have run into situations that could lead one to believe that some would rather see us off the air.

Regardless of whether these rumors are true or not, I could actually care less. My main concern is with why someone would feel any animosity towards a station like this one at all. WRFL is a non-profit, student run, educational public radio station. What could be more non-threatening than that? Is because we're a little different from the norm? Yes, some of the people here have a different point of view on life, but that's mainly because we're bored with the same crap that's spoon-fed down our throats every day from the "real" media outlets in town. WRFL is not here to offend, but to expose.

What we expose may be a little harsh, like Jim Carroll's spoken word pieces, but it's only harsh because you've probably never heard it anywhere else before. And it is may be played right next to the most beautiful piece of music you've ever experienced, whether it be the acoustic playing of the late S. E. Rogie or the brash croonings of Diamanda Galas.

I have learned from the whole experience that everything is run through imperfections, and the way these imperfections are dealt with decides the efficiency of that organization. There are no perfect days. It may be a little pessimistic to say that, but by imperfections I don't mean they have to be huge. So a DJ doesn't show up, or the heater goes out, the production board won't come in the left channel or you can't find a CD, all the way down to a stupid key won't fit where it should. After working with a number of other student groups, I've realized that we don't do too bad for a station consisting of over 100 volunteers, who keep this monster on the air twenty four hours a day, year round.

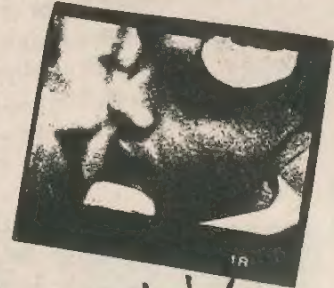
Lately we've been receiving a bit of criticism in the local and campus newspapers, attacking our musical selections. I guess I could go into my normal and expected rant about how our goal is to bring Lexington lots o' music this city has never heard, and not rehash the same music that gets played over and over on MTV and commercial stations. I could write a book about how WRFL has been playing (and still plays) all of that "alternative" music that has jolted into the mainstream (i.e., Smashing Pumpkins, Green Day, Nine Inch Nails and Veruca Salt). I could spew out pages and pages of angry commentary about we're a bunch of misunderstood people (yeah, we are actually people). But I figure, what's the point? I'm sure what I write here won't dispel the greater part of Lexington's ugly idea that we're a bunch of unruly, slacker Generation-X'ers going through some kind of stage that we'll all outgrow. If you're reading this you

already know what we're about. If you don't, then you're probably curious, so just turn to 88.1 and listen. Most importantly, keep your mind a little open to something new, and don't judge the whole station by one hour of listening, mainly for the fact that it can't be done.

Gratzie,

Manley.

Gimme the damn balloon or I'll kick you in the womb.



Evening & Weekend
Appointments Only

9

BLACK SHAW

breakdowns

The Psychedelicatessen

Expand your mind and immerse your body
in the swirling sounds of
the Psychedelicatessen...

Tune in, turn on & trip out
every Saturday night
from 9 PM to Midnight
with our head chefs:

the good Captain & Baron Sandoz

Founded in 1989,

the Deli keeps on rollin' em,
serving up music that puts pictures in your head
and patterns on your wall!

So fire up those candles & lava lamps,
strobe lights & black lights,

then gently slip inside
the Psychedelicatessen,

offering musical delights
from the late 60's & beyond...

Jazz ain't no Lemon
Tuesday 9 pm to Midnight
Exploring the best
in Jazz with a focus
on the classics
from the 40's, 50's, & 60's



the Hot Burrito Show

Every Sunday from 12 noon to 3pm
Gram Parsons called it "Cosmic American Music."
- Country & western, Rock & Roll,
Folk, Bluegrass, Rockabilly, Honky Tonk...etc....
We call it the Hot Burrito Show.



Phatt Phatt Phatt! The vibe is alive Friday nights with
Thru the Vibe. Hear the latest in Techno, Progressive House,
Trance, Breakbeat, Acid, Deep House & Ambient...brought to
you freshly mixed from Cosmic & DJ Vic Tayback. Tune in,
Turn up & Unify.

the Vigil

Sundays 9 pm to Midnight
The Vigil continues...

in a neverending search for truth and really hot music.
Music of faith has been a part of
WREL

since the beginning, but it hasn't always sounded
like this.

We are here for you
fellow Mystic, Mosher,
Skeptic and Sunday school teacher.
We offer the best in

Funk, Folk, Rap, Rock, Industrial and Inspirational
Just when you thought you knew
all there was to know
about God....

Hoe Dad Hootenanny

Rockabilly, garage, surf, trash.
Horton, Dick Dale, Flat Duo Jets, Charlie Feathers,
Monomen, Jerry Lee, Mummies, A-Bones, Wanda Jackson,
Nine LB Hammer, Sleepy LaBeef, Crown Electric, and
literally hundreds more. Join Rob & Joe every Sunday
afternoon from 3 to 6 PM for the wildest, craziest, and
most rockinest 2 hours on the radio. A place where 4
chords are one too many, and guitar solos are actually
cool. We ain't retro, we ain't no oldies show, we play
rock & roll, hippie.

Roots Culture
Tune in every Monday night from 6-9 p.m. as the Nocturnal Fatman brings you the best Reggae has to offer. From Ska to Dubs, Marley & traditional; Reggae is the expression of the passions, desires & frustrations of more than just Rastafarian society. Roots culture is your only source for Reggae in the Bluegrass.



World Beat

Sunday Nights 6-9p.m.

Presenting a selection of songs from just about any location on the globe, World Beat introduces you to a broad spectrum of types & styles of music. You'll hear rural African Blues and the searing electric guitars of Zairian soukous. You'll also hear classical Indian ragas and old Calypso songs. World Beat offers you the whole world to choose from. Join Bill & Tom as they take you on a musical travelogue around the Globe.

For the Underground Straight HipHop & Rap music tune in to WRFL every Tuesday night

from
Midnight to 3 a.m.
for
the Street Intellect.

Check out the latest
Gangster
Political
International
Local
Native Tongue

as well as
Old School classic hiphop
Join **Sami & Mike P.**

as he takes you down to the back streets
for a Hardcore
& Intelligent outlook
at the rap music scene.

Shoot the Singer,
Instrumental music
and a few mistakes
With Dan & Tom
Every Thursday
night from 6:30-8 pm.

CaTaCoMbS

Wednesday nights
Midnight to 3 A.M.

What is Catacombs? Catacombs is underground. It's the obscure, the offbeat, and the insane. It's Max Ernst blowing his nose on the shroud of Turin. It's monster sex and angel violence. It's having seen *Fingered* 23 times. It's men behaving as beasts and women becoming gods.

Y'all come down now, hear?

Blue Yodel #9

For your weekly dose of vintage Flatt and Scruggs bluegrass, mountain music, eclectic grass, Dead grass (Jerry Gracia Band), Loretta Lynn impersonations, Dawg music, poor jokes, space grass and banjo love spankings - listen to *Blue yodel #9*, the only legal place to get grass in the bluegrass. Hosts John Sims, Kris Bailey and Dave Lavender miss cartoons every Saturday morning from 9 - 12 noon just so you can get your bluegrass fix.

My Block Show Description
by John Burroughs
©1994
All Rights Reserved

Just what is *Sunshine Overnite*? It's watching pulsing hearts flow out of your speakers, just like on *The Archies*. It's a 7UP can with a flickering lightbulb in it. It's a smiley face cookie jar. It's bell bottoms. It's Lexington's only comprehensive look back at the 1970's. There are no limitations to what you might hear. To achieve full effect, sit back in a beanbag, turn on your black light, put your headphones on, and turn it up. If you close your eyes, you'll even hear the sound of an 8-track clicking as it changes programs. Let your inner child run wild. *Sunshine Overnite*. Even better than drugs.



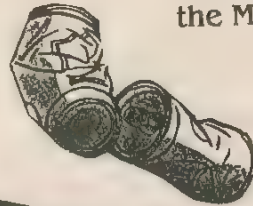
YES, WE CAN
PIERCE YOUR
PRIVATES!!!



Burning Sensations
Thursday nights
Midnight to 3 a.m.
w/ Doug Saretsky
So now it's 1995, and according to trendy "Alternative" mags, punk
has "replaced grunge" as the new hip music and fashion trend.
But on "Burning Sensations", we say bollocks to all that!
This show is a three hour ode to the best
in punk and hardcore, featuring tons of crust,
grindcore, snotty garage punk, and
even (non-racist) oi!
And it's all non-corporate,
so you don't have to worry about
seeking out the "next big thing".
We're sitting right on it and we're not about to
give it up for anyone.
D.I.Y. or die!!

Join Steve every Saturday 6-9pm for
"Blue This Evening" as he brings you the
best of the Blues. Everything from the
late great Robert Johnson to newcomers
like Keb' Mo'. So leave your worries
and troubles on the porch and relax
with some of the bluest blues outside of
the Mississippi Delta.

True Static
Sunday 9 am 'til Noon.
Counterspin
Media watch program &
a Liberal-Conservative
Counterpoint
Call-in Talk Show



Entropic Symphonies
Monday nites from 9pm to Midnite
METALMETALMETAL
period.



ThRoBoSsOnIc ReAlm w/ dave farris
the oNly viBro-HarmonIc 3-D \$plAnk
foR yo' eaRhoLe aPProved by All fouR
Alien nationS in the sOlAr system!
7-UP.

"I will suck your soul if you
lick my funky emotion."
-george clinton

Album Feature
One New
One Classic
every Tuesday night
from 6:30-8pm

it's not good for you
but it's better than sniffing glue



12

Music from India
This brand show brings the best of traditional & contemporary pop, & old, rare records as well as the widest selection of Indian movie music anywhere. Music from India features such artists as Ravi Shankar, Subramaniam, G.S. Sachdeva, Zakir Hussain, Sheifa Chandra, Nusrat Fateh Ali Khan and many many more. Join Raj every Thursday night as he takes you half way around the world....and back.

In the Neighborhood

Music & Noize from the local & regional scenes. Every Saturday from 3-6pm with your host, Jon Cook.



THE VOID

Once upon a time, before "alternative" became a marketing ploy, there was a place for true creativity. Where bands made a label, instead of labels creating bands. A home for the soon-to-be's, the once-were's, and the never-wills. That place was college radio, the time was the '80s, and all you needed was a receiver. I'm Chuck P and every Friday at 6pm you can rejoice in the sounds that built college radio on The Void. I'll be your Sightsee MC for a little time travel into the Reagan Eighties. I'll cover every genre I can find. New Wave. The Mods. The birth of Techno and House. The "death" of Punk. Fuzzcrunch. Bar Rock. The Manchester Sound. Girlpop. Thrash. The New Romantics. Dance Club. Jangly. No Wave. Art Rock. If they played it once, I'll play it again but only right here on WRFL-FM, the ancient alternative



Town Hall of the Air
Talk, call-in, and crazyspeak from the master of the tongue, John Clark. Listen & participate with your phone. Wednesdays, 9-10:30pm.

THE HARD TRAVELIN' REVUE (Saturday 12 noon - 2pm) - Tune in every Saturday afternoon and get folked as we bring you everything from traditional folk music, bluegrass, acoustic blues, protest music and folk rock to the latest from singer songwriters, local folk, and live, in-studio music. Be sure to stick around for.....
THE TEN PENNY BIT (Saturday 2pm - 3pm) A little something for the Gael in everyone. Join us for traditional and modern music from the far corners of the Celtic world and beyond....

THAT'S THE WAY THEY LIKE IT.

AN' FUCK YOU IF YOU DON'T.

13

Country Music's Dark Side

The Palace Brothers at Sudsy Malone's in Cincinnati 11/19/94

Reviewed by the critic formerly known as Vince

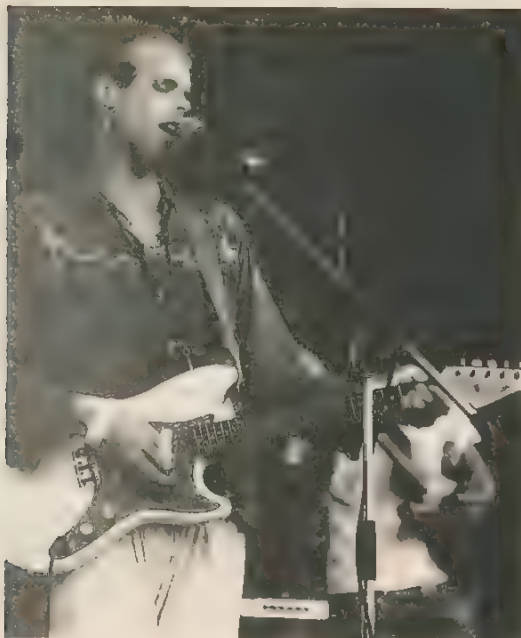


Photo by Edet Roberts

*"When He calls on me
tonight, will I have to
rise up and meet Him?
O Lord are you in need?"*

To tell you the truth, I was never into folk or country music. Probably because my father would blast his Willie Nelson records so much that every time I heard "Whiskey River" I would suddenly get an urge to decapitate someone. That was before the Palace Brothers released their 1993 debut 7" "Ohio River Boat Song" b/w "Drinking Woman," since then I have looked at country music in a new light. The Palace Brothers is the brain child of Louisville native Will Oldham, a skinny mop-topped minstrel who, at first glance, does not look like your typical Nashville neo-phyte donning a trimmed mustache and tight-ass denims.

The same goes for his music. Instead of nice melodic ditties about rebel flags or driving an 18-wheeler strapped with a dozen roses for yer mamma, Oldham tends to explore the depraved and depressing side of rural America. Aside from "Ohio River Boat Song," Oldham released a full length CD in June of that year entitled *There Is No-One What Will Take Care Of You* and another 7", "Come In" b/w "Trudy Dies," later on in November.

This in turn led to three more releases in 1994. A 7" called "Horses" b/w "Stable Will," another full length CD, *Palace Brothers*, and a six-song EP, *Hope*. After reading rave reviews about Palace's music and taking a keen interest into Oldham's mysterious persona, I found myself wanting to find out more about the Palace Brothers; which took me to Cincinnati, Ohio on a blustery Friday night to

check out a gig they were performing at Sudsy Malone's, a bar / club / laundromat.

On the bill were three other bands: A Minor Forest, a California trio who sounded like a punked-out version of Slint; Moth, a local band and The Tiger Lillies, who I thought had broken up. After wading through the first three acts, it was now time to witness what I had come for.

I did not know what to expect. I had heard that Oldham usually plays live performances by himself or with one other musician, but tonight he had a backing band consisting of a drummer, bassist and electric pianist. It was 1 a.m. by the time the Palace Brothers hit the stage and for the next hour and 15 minutes the audience (including WRFL representatives Chris B. and myself) stared unblinkingly at the Palace Brothers as they slowly grinded out mystical songs of betrayal, redemption and sin.

The set mostly included recent material found on Palace Brothers and Hope, with songs such as "Meaulnes" and "No More Workinghorse Blues." The height of the show came when Oldham performed stripped-down versions of both sides of the "Horses" 7" that included the title track "Horses," a Mekons cover, and "Stable Will." Oldham's music has often been compared to that of roots' music or reminiscent of field recordings, either way it is a refreshing change from the "slacker" trend that is currently rampant in music (i.e., Beck, Royal Trux). The show ended around 2:30 a.m. and although I was pleased to finally see one of the most intriguing bands around I was not really sure of what I just witnessed, but I would definitely pay to see it again.

Many critics of Oldham's work say that it is simply either a rip-off of early gospel music and Appalachian ballads or nothing more than a cheesy gimmick. Drag City (Palace Brothers' label) is using to exploit its listeners. I doubt it, but if it is just a gimmick, then someone please tell me what isn't. Rave on, jerkies!

BUY
MY
ZINE!



Not as arty as this

... pb

(15)

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Abortion Stories #1-5

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JUST WHAT IS THIS JLK; etc ANYWAY?

by LaRRy O. GrAnD

The one band in Lexington that is constantly mispronounced by WRFL: it is "J.L.K. Semicolon Etcetera." The punctuation mark is pronounced, OK? But just what is this JLK whateveryacallit excetera anyway? Is it one person? Several people? Jeffrey Scott Holland? A pack of armadillos?

After years of producing albums by local acts in Richmond, Kentucky (most memorably CENTRAL ROCK COMPANY and SHAY QUILLEN), producer/songwriter JLK decided to try his own hand at music making. Joined by Shay (Kabirs, Brandon String Trio) Quillen on guitar and backing vocals, the first cassette from JLK ; etc., **Toasting Mr. Pizza Company Man**, was released in the summer of 1990. While Quillen served primarily as acoustic guitarist and chief music-provider, JLK supplied all of the words and vocals, taking on a performing style that appeared to cross Fred Schneider with William Shatner. The result: Not quite singing, not quite reading, not very dramatic. Recorded on a portable boom box, the sound was amateurish yet not unlistenable. The album also featured musical contributions from former CRC dismember JOSH MECKLER and Herbivorous Dayglo Spamtins leader ANDY MERCER. The songs tackled such weighty themes as caffeination ("Drinking Coffee"), love and romance using organic chemistry metaphors ("Carbocations"), the confusing

nature of the U.K. library ("Core Level A") and the equally confusing nature of JLK's mind ("I Said Greetings"). The album also featured a dramatic reading of a Kabirs classic ("Goddess of Love") and a tune which consisted of Quillen strumming on the acoustic guitar while JLK brushed his teeth, shaved and went to the bathroom ("No Aftershave"). Pushed along by the hits "Core Level A" and "Drinking Coffee," both of which would be "discovered" by WRFL two years later, JLK ; etc. developed a small, if rather pathetic, following.

Immediately following up on the newfound popularity, JLK ; etc.'s second album, **Sounds Inspired While Severely Caffeinated**, was released in October of 1990. The band's most hastily recorded album featured half brand-new songs (consisting solely of JLK vocalizing along to a Yamaha keyboard) and half outtakes from the first album, featuring both Quillen and Mercer (and two alternate versions of "Drinking Coffee," cleverly concealed by different titles). The album did feature a radio hit, "This Disco Song," which was the first JLK ; etc. tune played on WRFL (and, according to sources, was playing in Bears Wax when Bear decided to change the channel). The album also featured several 30 second song snippets placed between the 'real' songs, but were not indicated on the track listings. The cassette was praised by many, from Jeffrey Scott Holland to Raff Hall, as being JLK's finest musical moment. JLK, however, was not pleased with what had come out and the album soon went out of print.

JLK described the thought behind the inception of the band: "Basically, the group would always consist of me doing the songwriting and the vocals. That's the 'JLK' part of it. The 'semicolon etcetera'

would be anybody else willing to play on the album. That means that if I was walking down the street and saw you with a guitar, you might very well be the next member of the band."

This rotating cast of characters would be most evident on JLK ; etc.'s third and, by far, best cassette, **Prerequisite: Headphones**, released in November 1991. The album features guitar contributions from Shay Quillen and Jeffrey Scott Holland, and serves as the transition in musical style, from Quillen's simplistic guitar twanging to Holland's complex and ingenious noodling, which would become more prevalent on subsequent collaborations. The album also features JLK's first delving into the world of the 4-track, culminating in four out of sixteen songs on the album being 4-track (including guitars, keyboards and drums, all in the same song!). Spawning several hits, including "Counterpoint" (about confusion), "No Obvious Reason" (also about confusion), "Love...in the Rain" (earlier performed by the Hartman Band), a cover of Central Rock Company's "I Hate Cool People," and Holland's personal favorite, "Blind Spot" (the stark opener, featuring some of JLK's most intense and emotional vocals), this album served to introduce JLK ; etc. to WRFL with a memorable performance at WRFL's Hidden Talent Night that summer, in which JLK and Quillen stunned the audience with "Counterpoint," "Core Level A," "The Humidity Song" and "Drinking Coffee," inciting the punk crowd into one big slam dance (lovingly captured in print by Bill Wiedner).

One year later came JLK ; etc.'s fourth cassette, **Dairy Products**, with Jeffrey Scott Holland appearing on every track except a

couple solo JLK songs. Holland's presence is felt: no 4-track songs, mostly electric guitar, with a little bit of that good ol' fashioned Creeps sound mixed in. Fans of classic JLK ; etc. were a little frightened away, while many more fans were brought in. Radio airplay was well-received on such songs as CRC's "Not Too Much of a Cook," "It's What's for Dinner" (a song about beef), "Butter!" (a most bizarre sex number), and probably JLK ; etc.'s biggest WRFL hit, "Justice League of Kansas." JLK and Holland also performed on Aaron Lee's Haunted Garage, frightening listeners with acoustic renditions of "Not Too Much of a Cook" and "Core Level A" (which Holland learned how to play three minutes before going on air, then promptly forgot).

But JLK's notoriety was increasing. WRFL had labeled him "the Daniel Johnston of Lexington." People were actually buying the tapes. The Lexington Public Library added Dairy Products to their local music collection, and library patrons actually checked it out!



Maybe the \$7.00 price tag on JLK ; etc.'s fifth cassette, **Obscure References: Assorted Amusements 1990-1993**, released in March of 1993, frightened away these new fans. This "greatest" "hits" double-length compilation collected the best from the first four albums and added six new songs, including the radio smash "Absolute Numbers," which is considered by many to be the finest in JLK 4-track crafting, complete with drum machine and a repeating chorus. Nonetheless, the listeners were starting to wander away bored.

The most memorable JLK ; etc. performance came in August 1993, when JLK and guest guitarist Grillo took the stage for that year's WRFL Hidden Talent Night. With minimal rehearsal, an out of tune guitar, distracting feedback and no monitors, the performance was abysmally awful – much to the delight of Jeffrey Scott Holland. The packed house did not know what to make of this version of JLK ; etc. Yet a compilation of the show sold out from Cut Corner mere days after being put on consignment. And there are many around who still remember that show.

It took awhile for the next JLK ; etc. release to hit the stores. **Multiple Choice Answer** barely made it out in December 1993. This album is JLK's most professional, being recorded entirely on 4-track, and features a move away from the influence of Jeffrey Scott Holland (who is featured on about half of the tracks). JLK actually starts to sing (i.e. verbalize less) on some of these songs, and the prevalent use of drums on this album make it one of the best in the JLK catalog. Surprisingly, sales were low, despite rave reviews of the album and the two big singles, "Stranglehold on My Spleen" (the first love song ever recorded by JLK) and "Worthless" (a haunting and spine-tingling overview of the Waco tragedy of 1994). For those

interested, the album is still in print, and JLK Records is still pushing it with a second wave of promotion.

With the exception of promoting the sixth cassette, nothing has been heard from JLK ; etc. in 1994. Rumors of a new album continue to materialize, with the latest rumor being that JLK is going to go back to the primitive sound that characterized his earlier albums, and that he is going to try his hand at actual guitar playing – no Holland on this project. Whatever the case, JLK ; etc. is one of the finest musical talent that Lexington has to offer and is one of the most seriously unplayed bands that I have ever heard. Mostly an album band (since the combo rarely performs live), I would recommend giving any of the above cassettes a try, provided you can find them. Check Cut Corner's budget bin.

Larry O. Grand is currently researching for a biography on Byl Hensley.



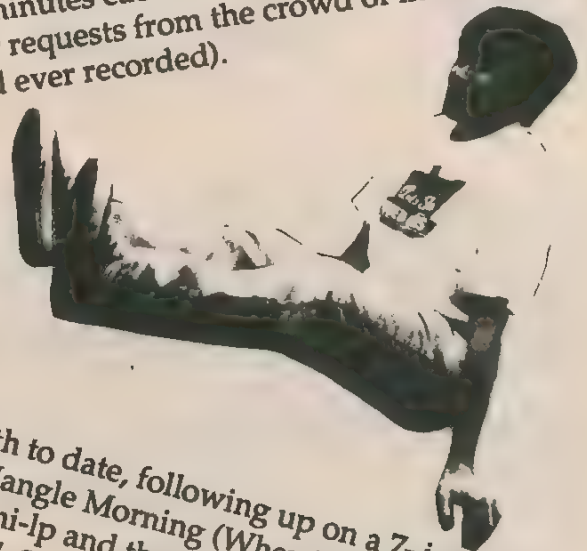
the Mary Lou Lord story

Originally from the Boston area, she first started playing guitar busking in subways of London while attending school there. She later returned to her hometown and continued playing in streets and subways. Her musical influences come from many artists, including Shawn Colvin and Bob Dylan.



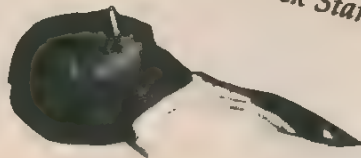
by
← a.j.

I had the opportunity to see her play twice at the CMJ Convention in New York City this past Fall, and they were both [insert intelligent-sounding synonym for "incredible"]. She played for about 40 minutes each time. In both cases, she kept the latter portion of the shows aside for requests from the crowd of indie-hipsters (who seemed to know every song she'd ever recorded).

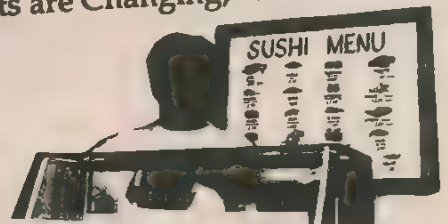


Aaaanyway, on with the review.

This is Mary Lou's first (near) full-length to date, following up on a 7-inch single released back in early '94, "Some Jingle Jangle Morning (When I'm Straight) b/w Western Union Desperate." Both the mini-lp and the 7 inch single are on Olympia, WA based record label Kill Rock Stars.

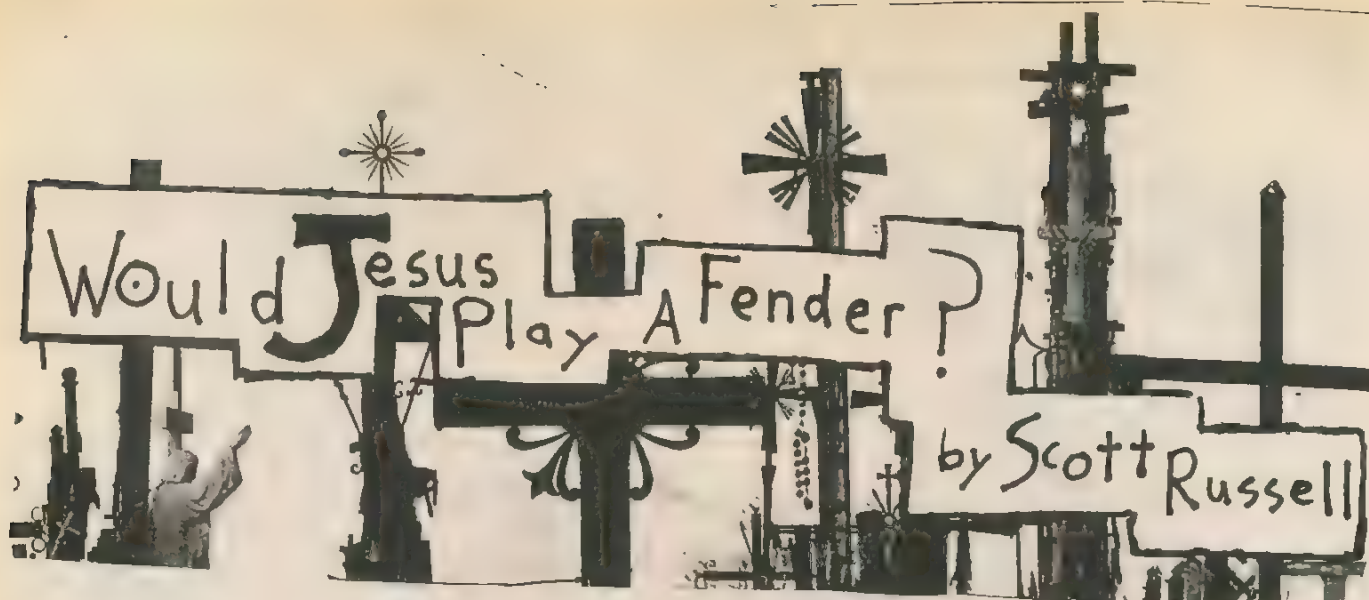


The self-titled album starts off with the only song done with a full band playing electric instruments, a cover of The Bevis Frond's "Lights are Changing," with fellow Bostonian Juliana Hatfield on back-up vocals.



Her own style of songwriting is a blend of folk and pop that flows beautifully together; and often saturated with strong emotions. Songs like "Helsinki," "The Bridge," and "I'm Talking To You" are fine examples, as well as my personal favorites.

What better way to start off the year than with such a great album!



Is it me, or does there seem to be a lot of prejudice left in the world? Prejudice is, of course, not always incited by skin color or ethnicity. Obviously there are issues of gender, lifestyles, income, intelligence and many other variables that seem to separate us. Another far reaching example that has impacted my life would be faith and religion.

Even in our post-Enlightenment culture where tolerance is supreme among virtues and relativism is embraced by rote, faiths and religious systems which don't tow the PC line are dumped on pretty heavily.

Surely, there are "bullies" in the world who attack others in the name of belief. There are religious terrorists in every camp, including the atheists. No one would dispute the need for dialogue and humility. Yet, faith often makes demands upon individuals which can set that one at odds with popular culture. It is often hard to retain spiritual integrity in a pluralistic culture. Where is the "tolerance" and "understanding" then?

It can be hard to be a true believer in anything these days.

Take for instance Nicholas Dawidoff's article in the February 5 issue of *New York Times Magazine*. In what he titled "No Sex, No Drugs, but Rock & Roll (kind of)," Dawidoff maintained a definite air of sneering skepticism about the whole industry called C.C.M. or "Contemporary Christian Music."

Here is a bastion of Western intellectual thought dismissing an entire musical movement. How can these musicians and fans survive such an assault without withdrawing even further from the cultural landscape?

Let's face it, "Christian" has become a dirty word to many people. Whenever "Christian" is used as an adjective in any context, whether it be political, social or even artistic, few readers can retain objectivity. Many assumptions and stereotypes rush to the fore. Frankly I'm tired of being saddled with baggage I didn't create.

Honestly do you think shrieking harpies like Falwell or Robertson represent every person who follows Christ? Do Farrakhan or Rushdie represent the beliefs of every Muslim? It seems a damn shame to me that as a Christian, I feel that I must apologize for my faith at every turn.

I, for one, have often felt like a leper among "normal" people. When they find out I'm a Christian, the whole mood seems to change. Perhaps I'm being scrutinized for the hypocrisy factor. Perhaps I'm make them uncomfortable. But it definitely seems that my faith has caused me to grow a third arm in public. Friends notice it but don't really want to talk about it.

As a dj, what troubles me most is the "categorization" that goes on with "Christian" music. It's tragic how many bands and artists are dismissed by "normal" people when they smell any hint of Christianity behind the work. I guess the artists grow a third arm as well.

So, for the sake of those of you whose eyes gloss over at the mention of "Christian" music or who find themselves giggling at the idea of "Christian art," need I remind you students of civilization that there was a time that all music and art centered around faith. In some religions and cultures this remains the case.**

Why has it failed in the West? Why has the Church in America become a cultural pariah and nearly the antithesis to the whole concept of the arts and personal

expression? Sadly, these answers aren't easy.

Yes, much of Christian "art" is simply kitsch. Little thought or talent went into creating "Jesus Loves You" travel mugs or "Turn or Burn" sweatshirts. Christ is being marketed to quite a healthy profit these days. With the rest of America, there has been a dumbing-down in the Church. Artistic and entertainment standards are arguably at an all-time low. There are even Christian talk shows to be had. God help us.

Admittedly, much of Christian music is also schlock from artistic standards. I don't listen to it, nor would I play it on WRFL. The same goes for Tony Bennett and Barbra Streisand, who make strange bedfellows with gospel singers.

Yet, what of certain artists and musicians who happen to be Christians. Is musical integrity merely a dream for them? Should they hide their faith in order to be acceptable to the "correct" culture? Could college radio tolerate an artist who might actually believe in absolutes? Are nihilism and hedonism the only acceptable belief systems to the slacker generation?

If so, I'm in the wrong place.

I'm passionate about seemingly "normal" people whose lives have been affected by their faith. For me, as for these artists, our faith is not a stick with which to bludgeon a "lost" society. My faith is my life, and it naturally impacts everything which I do. Were I a musician, my faith would doubtless influence my artistry, perhaps to a high degree.

Consider the work of Bruce Cockburn, Sam Phillips, Van Morrison, Michael Been, Pierce Pettis, and bands like Over the Rhine, Vigilantes of Love, Chagall Guevara and Circle of Dust. These are musicians and artists who happen to be Christians, but they certainly don't produce stereotypical "Christian" music.

Ask yourself: has your opinion of these artists changed simply because I have mentioned their faith, however cursory it may be? Is there any prejudice to confess?

So what is different about these and other artists who are Christians? Is there a Christ-like aura around them? Nope. There seems to be a common element of hope. Gone is the howling emptiness of many similar bands that leaves little but despair or desire in its wake. Having experienced hope, these artists resonate with that difference.

This is the essence of Christianity--that your life should be lived for the sake of God and in turn for the sake of the human family. Compassion was not an invention of the social left. This is the chord which strikes in the heart of every true Christian.

Politics and issues aside--I ask myself, are my friends better for having known me? Am I helping or hurting? When faith is lived on the individual level, people start living.

**In my original draft I launched out into a protracted treatise on culture and religion and the history of art. This may be a bit heady and wordy for our purposes here, so drop me a line and I'll make it available.



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(21)

AND
DROP OFF AT
THE KY THEATER

PSYCHODOTS RETURN TO LEXINGTON

By JLK



÷ After their last few appearances were met with incredibly apathetic audience response, Cincinnati's PSYCHODOTS were ready to boycott Lexington. Fortunately, the trio decided to return to Lexington, making their U.K. debut at the "Student Center Winter Spectacular" at the Student Center Ballroom on January 22nd, 1995, appearing with three other local groups. Taking the stage promptly at 10 p.m., following a packed house for THE BLUEBERRIES (who opened for the Psychodots during one of the Psychodots' first appearances in Lexington, at the Wrocklage), the group performed for a solid fifty-five minutes for a relatively quiet, yet attentive, audience of approximately 75 people.

The Psychodots, consisting of Rob Feters (vocals, guitar), Bob Nyswonger (bass) and Chris Arduser (vocals, drums, guitar) all hail from Cincinnati. Originally performing in the early 80s as THE RAISINS, the three are probably best known for their team-up with Adrian Belew to form THE BEARS in the late 80s, releasing two excellent LPs on the now-defunct

Primitive Man label. After touring for their second album, "Rise and Shine" (which included a stop in Lexington at the place that used to be Breedings), Belew left the group to continue his solo career, and the three stayed together as the Psychodots. Most recently, the three reunited with Adrian Belew to be his backing band and opening act on Belew's most recent solo tour. The trio have released two-and-a-half CDs so far from Cincinnati-based Strugglebaby Records: a self-titled debut, "On the Grid" and an EP entitled "Blotter," with a third CD, tentatively titled "Awkwardsville," slated for release this April. While Feters describes their status as "kind of obscure," the Psychodots have garnered a rather rabid following in Lexington (although crowd response at their recent Lexington gigs leaves one to wonder where those fans are). Their sound can probably be described as unique, with Feters ranking as one of the most talented and underrated guitar virtuosos in modern times (at least on my list, right up there with Adrian Belew and Nils Lofgren). Combine that with the pounding bass stylings of Nyswonger, the skillful drumming of Arduser, and songs dealing with such weighty topics as the rainforest, drug addicts, cattle heading for slaughter, sex on copy machines and hypocrisy, you get music that is unique to the Psychodots.

Opening with "Angel" from their second album (prefaced with Feters introducing themselves as "obscure" and "a little foreign"),

they immediately leapt into "Livin' in a Lincoln," a song about, well, living in a car because one has nowhere else to go. This song also features Feters playing the guitar solo with a blown-up balloon. Next came "Candy" and then a new song, "Hell," featuring Arduser on mandolin. Feters introduced "Master of Disaster" as being a song about a musician friend who messed up his life by taking drugs, and offered anyone to come up after the show for that person's address, so they could bug him. Then came "I See Thru You" (always a crowd favorite, from their first album), "Sad Little Monkeys" (introduced as a "primate anthem, which should be our national anthem) and the live favorite "Moaner" (available only on the aforementioned "Blotter" EP). Next came a new song "Joy and Madness," a slow dreamy number about suicide. Following that was "another song about suicide," "Enough." At this point Feters was informed that they had enough time to do two more songs. Despite calls from the crowd for "Copy Machine" and "Big Love Now" (favorites from their second album), they launched into "Deathranch" and closed with a new song, "Mattress."

Although the majority of the crowd was not familiar with the Psychodots, the audience must be commended for being attentive. About thirty people stood in a straight line in front of the stage, arms folded, staring at the Psychodots and whatever they were doing at the time (be it Feters

engaging in some manic noodling or Nyswonger strutting about while pounding on the bass), although afterwards Feters did admit that their obscurity probably accounted for the audience reactions (Feters also admitted that most of the crowd had probably been there just to see the Blueberries). As to why they did not perform such classics as "Copy Machine" and the Bears tunes "Fear is Never Boring" and "Rabbit Manor" (which have become Psychodots staples over the past few years), Nyswonger commented that "after performing all those during the tour with Adrian, we were pretty sick of them and decided to retire them." I would have to comment that this was probably the best show that I have seen in Lexington all year. As a matter of fact, this is the only show that I have seen in Lexington all year, and I don't get out much.

CDs and cassettes by the Psychodots are generally not sold in Lexington (which may account for their obscurity). Although for a time the first CD could be found at Bear's Wax, Cut Corner refuses to deal with them. The only place short of Cincinnati that I have been able to find them has been Ear-X-Stacy in Louisville, where they had all two-and-a-half albums, as well as the Raisins' first album (recently re-released by Strugglebaby). No luck with any Bears discs, though.

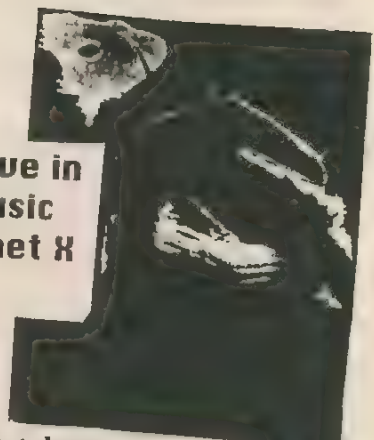
- J.L.K is currently in hiding:

Jox Picks for Top albums of 1994

- Dave Farris
1. various Artists.....Red Hot on Impulse
 2. Solsonics.....Jazz in the Present Tense
 3. various artists.....Stolen Moments / Red Hot & Cool
 4. Prince.....Come Home
 5. Spearhead.....Home



- Gina G
1. Nick Cave.....Let Love in
 2. Exit 13.....Ethos Music
 3. Helios Creed.....Planet X
 5. Die haut.....sweat



- Sami ibrahim
1. Gravediggaz.....Six feet deep
 2. John Spencer Blues Explosion.....Orange
 3. MC Solaar.....Prose Combat
 4. craig Mac.....Projects Funk the World
 5. Man or Astroman?.....

- Rance Platt
1. Sebadoh.....Bake Sale
 2. Butteryglory.....Crumble
 3. Archers of Loaf.....us the Greatest of all Time
 4. Pony.....Cosmovaldator
 5. Polvo.....celebrate the new dark age

- The Captain
1. Robbie Robertson.....native American Music
 2. Crowded House.....Together alone
 3. Joni Mitchell.....Turbulent Indigo
 4. Richard Thompson.....Mirror Blue
 5. Peter Gabriel.....Secret World Live

- Shawn McCarney
1. Rip Offs.....Got a Record
 2. Supersuckers.....La Mano Corunado
 3. Grifters.....Crappin' Your Negative
 4. Cows.....Orphans Tragedy
 5. Cherubs.....Heroin Man
- Slayer.....Divine Intervention (Honorable Mention)

- Thomas Owens
1. Dead Can Dance.....Toward the Within
 2. Hector Zazou.....Sahara Blue
 3. Steve Tibbetts.....The Fall of Us All
 4. Geggy Tah.....Grand Opening
 5. Nick Cave.....Let Love In



John Burroughs

1. various Artists.....Kiss my Ass
2. Beatles.....Live at the BBC
3. neil Young.....Sleeps w/ Angels
4. Slayer.....Divine Intervention
5. Various Artists.....Nativity in Black
6. Supersucker.....La Mano Cornuda



Pat Procissi

1. mike Seeger.....3rd annual farewell reunion
2. yonders.....rexall on main st.
3. doc Watson family.....songs from southern mts.
4. Bill thurman.....gigs & reels
5. lyle Lovett...I love Everybody

Jose Carvallo

1. Beastie Boys.....Ill Communication
2. Future sounds of London....Lifeforms
3. Heavens to Betsy.....
4. MC Solaar.....Prose Combat
5. Groove Collective
6. Solsonics.....Jazz in the Present Tense

Rob Franklin

1. Neil Young & Crazy horse.....sleeps with angels
2. Blood Oranges.....Crying Tree
3. Rolling Stones....Voodoo lounge
4. Yonders.....Rexall on main st.
5. George Jones...bradley barn sessions
Nanci griffith....flyer
6. Tom petty.....Wildflowers
Greg Kihn.....Mutiny
John Mellencamp....Dance Naked
7. Various Artists....Tulare Dust
8. marty Stuart.....love & luck
9. david Ball.....thinking problem
10. dave edmunds.....plugged in
van morrison.....a night in san francisco
various artists....hillbilly boogie

BManley Curry: the Remix Album'

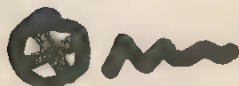
1. Spatula.....Curry: the Remix Album'
2. Sunny Day Real Estate....Diary
3. Bracket.....924 Forestville St.
4. S.E. Rogie....Dead men don't smoke Marijuana
5. Monster Voodoo Machine....sufferisystem
6. Lyle Lovett....I Love Everybody

John Sims

1. Tony Rice & David Grisman.....Tone Poems
2. Bill monroe.....the Box set
3. Lonesome Standard Time.....mighty lonesome
4. Chris Isaak.....San francisco Nights
5. Johnny Cash.....American Recordings

aj Naito

1. melting Hopefuls.....space flyer
2. Heavenly.....the decline & fall of Heavenly
3. Various Artists.....Stars Kill Rock
4. very Pleasant Neighbors.....Boy with only one head
5. Schleprock.....propeller



Doug Saretsky
 1. Disaffect.....Chained to Morality
 2. Exit-13.....Ethos Musik
 3. Spazz.....Dwarf Jester Rising
 4. Hellnation.....Control
 5. Rip-Offs.....Got A Record

doug (7 inches)
 1. Uutuus....Systeemin Rattaissa EP
 2. Eyehategod / 13 split Ep
 3. Infest....Mankind EP (repress)
 4. Extinction Of Mankind / Doom split EP
 5. S.O.B.-bootleg EP

Seth Burnett
 1. Digable Planets.....Blowout Comb
 2. Consolidated.....Business of Punishment
 3. Common Sense.....
 4. Helmet.....Betty
 5. Dou Dou Ndyia Rose.....

tommy Miller
 1. beasie boys.....ill communication
 2. g Love & Special Sauce
 3. Method Man.....tical
 4. Luscious Jackson.....natural ingredients



candyman
 1. future sound of london.....Lifeforms
 2. orbital.....???
 3. Nine Inch Nails.....the downward Spiral
 4. Aphex Twin.....selected Ambient works vol. 2
 5. Me'schell N'degeocello...plantation lullabics

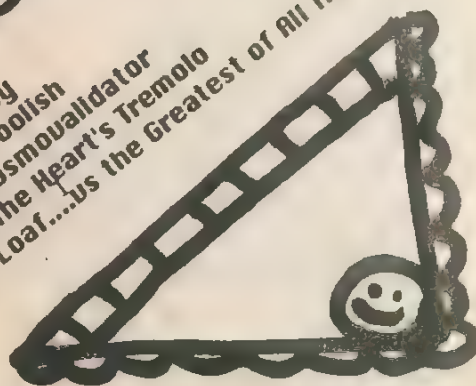
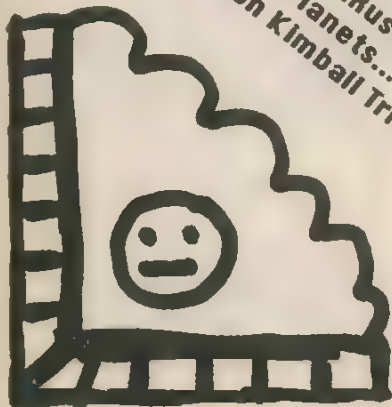
Patty Meltz
 1. Spearhead.....Home
 2. Solsonics.....Jazz in the present tense
 3. Beastie Boys.....Ill Communication
 4. Maggie Estep.....No More Mr. nice Girl
 5. Dickwad...soundtrack

paul (pablo) Hayse

1. man or astroman?.....your weight on the moon
 2. yonders.....Rexall on main st.
 3. cramps.....flameJob
 4. Killing Joke.....millenium
 5. s.w.a.t.....deep inside a cops mind
 the Reverend Horton Heat....liquor in the front

Uince Barker
 1. Palace Songs.....horses 7"
 2. Sebadoh.....bakesale
 3. Rodan.....Rusty
 4. Digable Planets.....Blowout Comb
 5. Denison Kimball Trio.....self titled

Chuck P.
 1. SamIam.....Clumsy
 2. Superchunk.....Foolish
 3. Pony.....Cosmovalicator
 4. Tsunami.....The Heart's Tremolo
 5. Archers of Loaf.....bs the Greatest of All Times



Dara Hoffman

1. Hole.....Live through this
2. Luscious Jackson....Natural Ingredients
3. G Love & Special sauce
4. Madonna.....bedtime stories
5. Limeshy.....honeysweet

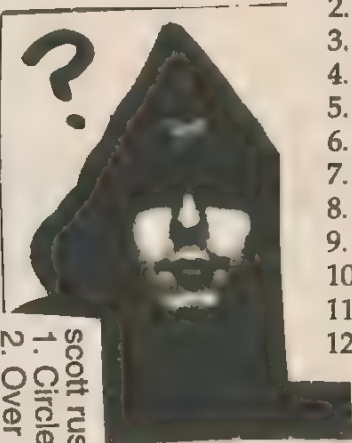


Chris Sprinkle

1. Machine Head....Burn My Eyes
2. Pantera.....far Beyond Driven
3. slayer.....Divine Intervention
4. green day.....Dookie
5. Hymen.....dance Remixes '94 (believe it!)

Chris Barber

1. Sebadoh.....bakesale
2. Rodan.....Rusty
3. Crain.....
4. Mule.....if I don't Six
5. Shallac.....At Action Park



Stinky Pete

1. Beastie Boys.....IlkCommunication
2. Brise Glace....When in Vanitas
3. any/all of the 1994 Lou Barlow related releases
4. Space Streakings.....7-Toku
5. Melvins.....Stone witch & Prick
6. Peter Jefferies....Electricity
7. Helios Creed.....Planet X
8. Gravitar....Chinga Su Corazon
9. Pavement.....Crooked Rain Crooked Rain
10. Supersuckers.....La Mano Coruuda
11. Man or Astroman?.....
12. Esquivell!

Bobby ray

1. Dave alvin.....king of california
2. Yonders.....rexall on main st.
3. Buddy guy.....Slippin' in
4. various artists....Tulare dust
5. sam phillips.....Martinis & Bikinis

Ellen bush

1. REM...monster
2. Pavement....Crooked Rain Crooked Rain
3. Paul k & the weathermen...Garden of forking paths
4. Rabby Feeber.....justrustus
5. dick dale.....unknown Territory
6. hector Zazou....sahara Blue
7. MC Solaar.....Prose Combat
8. combustible edison...I, swinger
9. link protrudi.....seduction
10. Esquivell!
11. various artists.....What Is Bhangra?

scott russell

1. Circle of Dust....brainchild
2. Over the rhine...Eve
3. Rostulara.....maybe she's Gone 7"
4. startlyer 59
5. Mortal.....Fathom
6. sam Phillips.....Martinis & Bikinis
7. Vigilantes of love....welcome to strugleville

- Propmaster
1. Digable Planets.....Blowout Comb
 2. Tribe Called Quest.....??
 3. Craig Mack.....Project Funk the World
 4. Green Day.....Dookie

WRFL 88.1FM

SPRING 1995

PROGRAM SCHEDULE

24 Hour Request Line:

257-WRFL

Office Phone:

257-INFO(

	SUNDAY	MONDAY	TUESDAY	WEDNESDAY
12AM	Sunshine Overnite w/ John Burroughs	Gina Gentile	Vince Barker	W
3AM	Mark Voigt	Candyman	Chris Barber	
6AM	Richie Rodriguez	Seth Burnett	Propmaster	
9AM	True Static News & Features	Tammy Chamberlin	Dara Hoffman	
12PM	Hot Burrito Rob & Bobby	Jox Lunch w/ Lin Teachy	Jox Lunch w/ Stinky	
3PM	Hoe Dad Hootenanny w/ Rob	Will Burchard	Ellen Bush	
6PM	World Beat w/ Bill & Tom	Roots Culture w/ Fatman	Album Feature w/ Paul	Pacific N
9PM	The Vigil w/ Scott, Tanya & Billy	Entropic Symphonies w/ Meab Man & Chris	Jazz Ain't No Lemon w/ Andy	E

L(9735)
(4636)

Program Director Brian Manley
General Manager Chuck Powell

WEDNESDAY

Street
Intellect
w/ Sami & Mike

Mary Janc

Tom Pugh

Stacy
Schilling

Jox Lunch
w/ John
Kol

Vince
Barker

Network News
Thornsburg

Town Hall of
the Air
Kenna Minter

THURSDAY

Catacombs
w/ Shawn & Bill

Jason Bostic

Jon Shaw

BManley

Throbossonic
Realm
w/ Dave Farris

Rance Piatt

Shoot the Singer
w/ Dan & Tom

Music from
India
Brave New Radio

FRIDAY

Burning
Sensations
w/ Doug

Clay Pagan

Wendy
Ewing

Lantz Powell

Jox Lunch
w/ Chris

AJ Naito

The Void
w/ Chuck P

Thru the
Vibe
Cosmic & Yummy-E

SATURDAY

Dan Wu

Todd
Dockery

Tracy
Linblad

Blue Yodel
#9
w/ Dave & John & Kris

Hard Travelin'
Revue w/ist
the Ten Penny Bit

In The
Niegborhood
w/ Jon Cook

Blue This
Evening

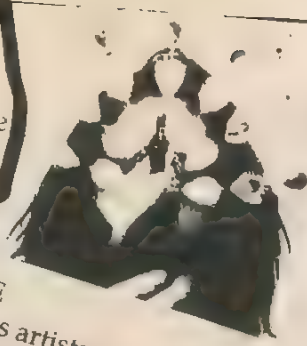
Psyche-
delicatessan
w/ Capt. & John

Thru the Vibe
Dance & Techno
Blue Yodel #9
Bluegrass & Traditional
Burning Sensations
Hardcore, Thrash, & Punk
Catacombs
Underground
True Static
News & Features
Entropic Symphonies
Metal
Throbossonic Realm
Jazzadetic Funkcore
Hard Travelin' Revue
New & Classic Folk
Hot Burrito!
Country & Western
In the Neighborhood
Local music
Jazz Ain't No Lemon
New, Old and Classic Jazz
Jocks Lunch
Jocks' choice, M-W, F
The Void
Sounds of the 80's
Roots Culture
Reggae & Roots
Street Intellect
Rap & Hip Hop
Sunshine Overnite
Classic sounds of the 70's
Psychedelicatessen
Psychodelia
Town Hall of the Air
Call in Issues
Shoot the Singer
Instrumentals from All Genres
World Sounds
Musics from around the globe
Music from India
Pop, Old, Rare, & Soundtracks
Album Feature
New & Classic
Hoe Dad Hootenanny
Rockabilly ramblings

ele Cable 99.7

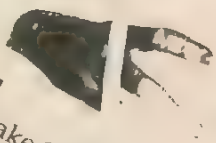
Kris bailey

1. J.D. crowe 7 the new South....Flashback
2. Bill monroe.....the box set
3. The Rice Brothers....the rice brothers II
4. Richard Bennett.....walking down the line
5. Tony rice.....plays & sings bluegrass



Will burchard

1. Sebadoh.....bake Sale
2. Archers of Loaf.....vs. the greatest of all time
3. superchunk.....Foolish
4. palace Songs.....Horses 7"
5. Jawbox.....for your own special sweetheart

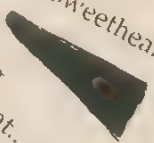


Yumm-E

1. Various artists.....L.A. Hardcore Compilation
2. lords of acid.....Voodoo U
3. Pet shop Boys.....disco 2
4. beastie boys.....ill communication
5. 20 Fingers.....short short man

Eric Thornsburg

1. Wedding Present.....Watusi
2. Stereolab.....Mars Audiac Quintet
3. Pavement.....Crooked Rain Crooked rain
4. Rodan.....Rusty
5. Jon Spencer blues Explosion.....Orange



Bill Widener

1. Hammerhead.....Into the Vortex
2. Hole.....Live through this
3. Mule.....If I don't Six
4. Cherubs.....Heroin Man
5. heavens to Betsy...calculated
6. Distorted pony.....Instant Winner
7. Guitar Wolf.....Wolf Rock
8. grifters.....Crapping your negative
9. Johnboy.....claim dedications
10. Bailter Space....Vortura

Dan wu

1. Live.....throwing Copper
2. Over the Rhine.....Eve
3. Spearhead.....Home
4. Ani Difranco.....Out of range
5. Various Artists.....Stolen Moments
6. Digable Planets.....Blowout Comb
7. Various Artists.....Natural Born Killers Sdtk
8. Cop shoot Cop.....Release
9. delerium.....Semantic Spaces



Rob hulsman

1. junior brown.....12 shades of brown
2. della country.....box set
3. Tom petty.....wildflowers
4. Monkees.....Head (reissue)
5. Ike Turner.....I like Ike (reissue)
6. Urge OVerkill.....saturation
7. the Reverend Horton Heat.....Liquor in the Front



Too Much of a Reasonably Good Thing...

In the middle of one of those parties where everyone appears to be twenty-six going on fifty-nine, where each and every reveler decides to really cut loose and actually drink a whole beer, I saw one of these geriatrics-in-training approach the turntable and reach into the vinyl stack to pick out the next slab of music. I thereupon repaired mentally unto my own private Hialeah to make a few recreational wagers at the betting window: Huey Lewis & the News off at 3-2. The B-52's' first album and Dylan's *Blood on the Tracks* good-looking long shots. Fleetwood Mac at 10-1.

Didn't hit a single winner. While I watched, he put the Mother's Finest record that had just ended carefully away in its tattered sleeve, and brought out another, equally worn square of cover art. I barely caught a glimpse of it, but it was too familiar to go unrecognized, a blue-toned photo of an elegant hadienca swimming in a mysterious and menacing dusk. Welcome to the *Hotel California*.

And now, as that particular conglomeration of tired (and tiresome) old men popularly known as the Eagles slouch their way towards Rupp, I find it appropriate that the song which prompts this

particular rumination provides the title for an album which saw the aforementioned crew of west coast geezers in both their finest and their most utterly hideous hour. If I never hear "Life in the Fast Lane" again, I will be a truly happy woman. The title track, however, is another story. Lend me your ears.


I find it necessary to what little sanity I call my own to never, ever, under any circumstances listen to classic rock radio. Consequently, it had literally been years since I'd heard "Hotel California." As he spun the record and the warm smell of colitas rose up from the turntable (just exactly what the bloody hell is a colita, anyway?!), I found myself recoiling in a peculiar kind of horror. This horror was not because the song is bad; on the contrary, it is a fine and beautiful piece of song writing art. The instrumental work is impeccable, the melody gorgeous, the singing good enough. Above all, the lyrics are so concrete and palpable that only the most unimaginative listener can fail to feel the sun's leftover heat dissipating above the nighttime desert asphalt, or the lethal and cutting chill of pink champagne.

No, the horror came from the realization, yet again, of the harm that can be done to even the best of songs by commercial radio. I know that the only reason I was able to appreciate "Hotel California" at all was that I hadn't heard it in so long; I hadn't had it beaten into my head on such a regular

The History of Flatulism

A Bizarre Commentary on Society
by

Thomas Owens



I wondered, long ago, on the bulletin board of a computer system soon to be obsolete, about things. These weren't average things that any two-cent schmuck might wonder about though. These were *important* things. Well...nah. Not really. Not to me, anyway. Frighteningly enough, that one-time stream of consciousness ramble became important to someone.

I speculated, suffering from sleep deprivation, about existence. Should we be or should we not be? Were we intended, or were we a mistake? I posed the question, "What if some omnipotent being farted and we're just a skidmark on it's underwear?" The thought quickly left my mind.

Not so for others. Many took this strange, new cosmology to heart! At first it was a small group of believers that had unbelievable solidarity in their actions. This cult was only possible in America, where there was enough leisure time to pursue religion and enough tolerance to practice it. With this leisure time they attempted to expound and expand the theology of their belief. The number one question was, "What did the omnipotent being eat that caused it to fart?"

Many took up the view that there was only one food that could cause existence as we know it: Omniscient Beans. As

with any theory, there was dissent. Some sects broke off and hid in urban post-modern cyber-deserts, professing Benevolent Broccoli and the Ovulating Onion. There was even a sect that believed in the Immaculate Fart, claiming that all food theories were impure.

The beans' theologians, as I said, became the popular sect. They suffered some persecution after the government abolished any notion of separating church and state, but Ted Turner was converted to this religion and helped save it. Ted slipped bean propaganda into his cable empire, even managing daily news reports on CNN about the advantages of beans. Some formed a political bean party, calling themselves "Flatulists" and nominating a candidate for president. With Turner's aid, their candidate won.

This new Flatulist president quickly pushed legislation through all branches of government that required all citizens of the United States (which at this point included Mexico, which had been annexed for not being able to repay debts) to eat beans in a certain fashion with specific spices and always with rice. *(Historian's Note: The Flatulist President was in effect the head of the Flatulist church and is credited with making radical changes in the original doctrine. We suspect he had seen one-too-many ABC Saturday morning Nutrition cartoons.)*

Swiftly most of the world followed the United States lead and took Flatulism as their creed. It was impossible for anyone to deny the existence of methane



and skidmarks. Cows were now sacred, as were men's briefs. The world began to prepare for what the original Fathers of Flatulism (Hane's bless them) postulated as the next level, our Gas-EXcelcius, the **Second Blast**. (In reality, these are all circumlocutions for "The Next Big Fart".)

There came a man, however, of considerable influence and experience in anti-gas tablets who felt that the fart was a bunch of nonsense. He began to spread his teachings and developed a small group of incontinent followers. This man's name was Suppositorius Kristos (later reverently referred to as "Krusty"). He had considerable popularity among women, who had known all along that Flatulism was a silly male bondage ritual and had very little to do with spirituality or nutrition.

When some of the secret government agencies saw what this person was doing to belief in Flatulism and that he might end the government's control of the population through gas pain they had him "gassed". The I.R.S. forced followers to eat beans in a small room, while Suppositorius' body was buried next to Jimmy Hoffa beneath Yankee Stadium, now named Colon Coliseum.

None of Kristos' work would have survived had it not been for a bean-counter working for the Intestinal Revenue Service named Bart. He had been ordered to spend most of his time rounding up the Gasless followers of Krusty. Bart would have done this all his life, since he really liked it, if it hadn't been for a strange incident at Colon Coliseum. Bart had been moonlighting as a



janitor there when one night the pitcher's mound began to swell. Bart heard rumblings not unlike a discontented stomach and fell to his knees, shaking. The mound blew up and gas suffused the area, causing Bart to lose his sense of smell. The head of Suppositorius Kristos landed in front of Bart, eyes wide open.



Bart took this to be a sign from above and mended his evil ways. He quit persecuting the followers of Krusty and became one. He changed his name to "Fart" and began to preach that the only true way was belief in the Big Suppository. This belief was founded on the idea that Suppositorius Kristos had some link with the Omnipotent Being and tried to show us how loose and free we had to be in the end. Fart preached that Krusty had even initiated part of the Big Suppository by causing a little one in front of Bart. The Big Suppository must be accepted by all or the Second Blast would not come and raise everyone to the Next Level. Fart said that sometime in the near future, maybe as soon as yesterday, Krusty would return and all those who hadn't accepted the Big Suppository would be obliterated in the Second Blast.



This belief gained a wide following and after several persecutions by the I.R.S. the marketing and control potential of Suppository Flatulism were realized. A new era of blind faith was dawning...

Truthfully, after reading this over, I'm beginning to think it's really silly and has no relation to the real world. None at all. -ffppphtttb-

Notes from the General Manager

Lexington needs pizza. Lexington needs bicycle lanes. Lexington needs more speed. Lexington needs history as the place to watch the Discovery Channel. Lexington needs to be solely of Florida.

Hey you!

Well, here we are again. WRFL has somehow avoided the worst moderations and embraced the best excesses of the past six months. My head hurts and my eyes are black but I'm still here, as are the rest of the crew.

Words cannot describe the pride that comes from being involved with this station and its dedication to music. With all the great bands that have come along and the incredible shows that we've helped sponsor I can only shake my head in amazement that something this good is around. With your help and constant attention this station has been a musical godsend.

All good things must come to an end, however. I'll be leaving my position as general manager at the end of the semester. But I'll still be here helping out with as many happenings as possible. Thanks again for making this one of WRFL's best years ever.

Bye, Chuck P.



Itchie called me cute!

☆ # !! ○



(36)

THE WORLD'S musical PICTURE IS *SO BAD*. THE ONLY THING THAT CAN SAVE US FROM TOTAL COLLAPSE...



IS AN ALL-OUT, FULL-SCALE, WRFL !!!



er view
Pam Miller
Lexington
and for
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No. Lexington needs pizza. Lexington needs bicycle lanes. Lexington needs more speed. Lexington needs history as the place to watch the Discovery Channel. Lexington needs to be solely of Florida.

PUNK?

doug saretsky

As if I were some kind of authority on the subject, I find myself being asked this question a lot lately. What is punk? Like anyone else who's ever been asked that, I don't have a readily accessible definition of what "punk" is. Sure, I'd like to *pretend* I do sometimes, but when I really sit down and think about it, I'm just as clueless as anyone else. One thing's for sure, though. I'm really fucking sick of reading fanzine after fanzine and always having to wade through the endless tirades regarding what should be defined as "punk," "sellout," or whatever. I write these words today in the hopes that I can get my feelings on this out, and then quit having to give a shit about the whole argument.

I'm no authority on what's punk and what isn't. Now that I think about it, I haven't really been into the whole "punk scene" for very long. Maybe only a year, if even that. Sure, I listened to the SEX PISTOLS and the DEAD KENNEDYS during my days as a skate rat, but I was far from aware that there were even any good punk bands that still existed. While I think of myself as a good contributor and supporter of punk and the "D.I.Y. scene (blah blah blah)", I'm not in any place to determine what is punk. And any person who thinks they can is a complete asshole.

A lot of this stems from the radio show I do at WRFL Lexington. Through no fault of my own, I inherited the "Burning Sensation," which I'm pretty sure is the only show of its sort in this part of the country, save for one in Ohio (I'd love to be proven wrong on this). I don't really mind having to do the show every week-in fact, this responsibility came at a perfect time; when I was simultaneously getting back into punk and hardcore and becoming increasingly abhorrent of so-called "indie" and "alternative" music. Basically, all I have to do is drag a bunch of records down to the radio station every week, blast away for three hours, and then leave as quickly as I came. Quite a gig-especially considering that the show's completely free from any sort of playlist requirements. In short, I get to do whatever the fuck I want and I'd be a liar if I said I'm not having fun.

What bugs me, though, is that it sets me up for a lot of bullshit, since choosing what to play on a "punk" radio show entails, in a way, determining what is punk rock and what isn't. I get crap all the time for this- not for my anti-GREEN DAY and BAD RELIGION policy (the only rule I abide by; the fact that I've always hated both bands is

irrelevant), but just for the volume of the show itself. I try to keep a decent variety of stuff to play, but my tastes lean way towards grindier stuff like AMEN, RUPTURE, etc. Therefore, I have to deal all the time with people complaining that I play "too much ugly crusty stuff." This is a problem? What's really funny is the fact that I used to worry a lot about this, but lately my attitude's been "FUCK 'em, if any of these gimps think they can do a better show, then they can just find me." Shit, I'll even TRAIN this lucky asshole to go on the air. Maybe then I wouldn't get so defensive about the things I do and maybe I wouldn't have to buy so many records to keep myself from becoming stagnant. I kind of see the whole thing as being very much against the staid and corporate "alternative" scene. And while I can never topple that institution, I can be a thorn in its side for as long as I care to. That's what I hope I'm doing with the radio show, my band...shit, even the clothes I wear (I'm now trying to kill time while they finish washing-it's that time of the month again).

If all this shit has any kind of *modus operandi* to it, I guess you would say that I have this thing lately about letting others know that there's other music that exists besides the crap you hear about in mags like Spin or on MTV. This kind of leads to another criticism I hear a lot lately. I get dissed on every now and then for *being a part of WRFL*. I don't really know why I'm even addressing this, since I don't have the time or the desire to defend the station any more. But it's not as if this criticism is deeply grounded anyway; all I hear is "WRFL sucks! Waaaah!" Like I said I don't even feel like *listening* to people who say this, but I think they're all missing something. When I started there almost four years ago, I really didn't know what I was doing. The fact that I joined up before "Smells Like Teen Spirit" was even written does not change the fact that I was a clueless kid-just ask Pat Thielges. My response to the whole "sucks" argument is this: When it's obvious that corporate-sanctioned "alternative" music and MTV-marketed rebellion SUCKS SO BADLY THAT HUMAN LANGUAGE CAN'T DESCRIBE IT, shouldn't alternative radio be almost forced to either become totally corporate or try frantically to retain a chaotic edge? It should come as no surprise that realizing this hasn't changed my feelings about doing MY show. I'm immune to all the marketing schemes and the pressure from annoying record label representatives. Like I said earlier, I get to do whatever the fucking hell I want. I don't want to define what is "punk," "hardcore" or whatever by doing the radio show. It's just the kind of music that I like. And if I seem like I've got an attitude about it, it's because I DO.

So punk is a very hit-or-miss thing, and attempting to define it only weakens its ability to stand in opposition to all the shit. I'm sick and tired of magazines like Maximum Rock and Roll and Punk Planet duking it out over each other's policies on deciding what to cover. I'm tired of

hearing people whining about GREEN DAY and RANCID "selling out (as if either band still deserves to even exist). And I'm tired of hearing people both locally and in other towns arguing over who is punker than who. Defining "punk" is a totally subjective thing, and it holds an individual definition for everyone that hinges on both music and sociopolitical views (or even the lack thereof). Trying to provide a uniform definition for punk is like trying to define what love is. After you analyze the shit long enough, all you'll really feel like doing is fucking destroying it.

So while I can't give you a definition on what "punk" is, I can tell you what it *isn't*. Punk rock isn't turning on WKQQ and hearing the latest GREEN DAY hit. That, to me, is about as lame as it gets.

The Statue of BASTARDY



Burning Sensations
punk/ hardcore/ crust/ grind
Thursday nights
midnight to 3 a.m.
WRFL Lexington

Hi. If you are one of the lucky few who has discovered a little somethin' extra (piece o' gum, a stamp, negatives...) in yer copy of RiFLe, bring it into the station and redeem it for a free CD or tape. Just ask for Sami or Dan. Bye.



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Nick Valle

Waging the War Inside

by J. Todd Dockery

interview conducted by Edward Hieronymus



You want to know what hardcore is? Well, why don't you sit down in your favorite reading spot and take a look at a Nick Valle chapbook. In this rising tide of the new "punk" era when Green Day is on the old MTV every five minutes and Maggie Estep is up ranting against everything under the sun, expression of anger has become a bit diluted. It has become hip to be pissed off. I have often asked myself, where is the true outsider? Who can't deal with the world and must write as the only method of coping? Who has to be completely nuts in order to remain sane in an insane world? Let me tell you this, brothers and sisters (excuse the Hulk Hogan reference), the man is Nick Valle. Philosopher. Poet. Hardcore Motherfucker. All rolled into one.

Most of the writing, art, and music produced today is made, for the most part, by disillusioned college students whose most prevalent worry is whether or not Mommy and Daddy will send enough spending money so that they can buy a new cd. Nick is in his late twenties. He's been in the army and traveled all over the country and held quite a few interesting jobs. But he's now settled (for lack of a more precise word) in Lexington and working at the Toyota factory in Georgetown. The solid work allows Nick the luxury of producing chapbooks of his written work but also adds much to filling his life with the frustration that fuels his art. With Nick, there's no posing.

Reading the work of Nick Valle is a true descent into hell. Not the self-aware hell of art school drop outs dressed in black, but a true human hell anyone with a heart will recognize.

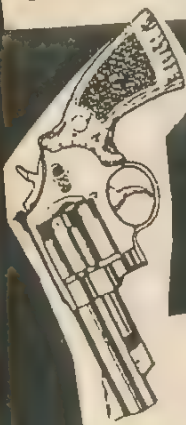
The following is an interview conducted by Edward Hieronymus that appeared in the fourth issue of our zine Abortion Stories:

Edward: What prompted you to begin writing?

Nick: Around the age of 15 I was really into music, and writing for me began by writing lyrics for songs. It was a good way to vent.

Edward: Tell me about your publishing business.

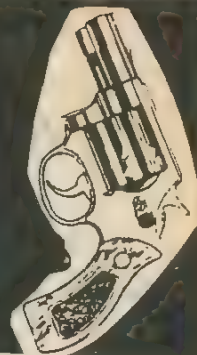
Nick: Well, when you send something out to publications, you're not likely to get a meaningful response. So, when I got the money to be able to self-publish, I thought that would be my best option. The only problem I have with that is that I just don't have the time to work on distribution. The mail order thing is much easier for me right now. I feel that if I can do it myself, I should do it myself...at least it's out there on some level.



for info
on nick's chapbooks write:
WTG PUBS po box 12646 Lexington, ky
40502

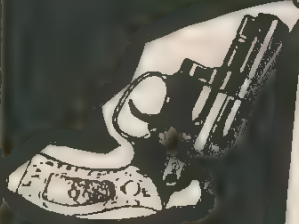
Edward: You've mentioned in your books the numerous places where you have lived. Where exactly have you lived in the past?

Nick: Texas, California, New Mexico, Arizona, Washington, New Jersey...just about everywhere. My dad moved us around a lot. I guess that's the reason why we never had much money...he never stayed in one place long enough to make a lot of money. I'm thankful that I've done that now, but it's a different life than most people have growing up. I think that my childhood had a lot to do with my interest in the arts. Because we didn't have much. I focused on drawing, writing, and music. When you don't have anything, you focus on activities like art you can do alone and don't cost money. Anyone can pick up a piece of paper and draw if he wants to.



Edward: You have a poem that discusses the fact that you were in the Lexington Detention Center. Tell me about that.

Nick: I was down at the jail for beating up my wife's brother (Ed and Nick laugh). We're no longer married. That actually happened before we got married. We had a party one night and everyone was drinking but I wasn't in the mood for it. I started asking people to leave, but her brother wouldn't. He started getting out of hand and I tried to do the right thing and just ask him to go. He didn't want to leave so I...had to make him leave. It turned into a big deal. The police had a couple of cars down. It was all over nothing. I didn't want to beat her brother up. But he got what he had coming to him.



Edward: Do you like sports?

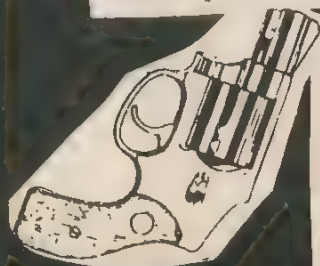
Nick: I don't like team sports. I'm really into boxing. I started boxing when I was ten years old. I like the fact that in singular sports you can only blame yourself if you lose. You can't say, "Oh, the team just wasn't with me today."

Edward: Your poem "Vultures" is really good. I can really relate to the way it represents loners.

Nick: You can't make friends when you're a kid and you're moving around all over the place. When you're the new kid, all the others want to fuck with you because you're the new guy. It seemed the easiest thing to do was to try and blend in, to try and fade into the background. Kids will try to expose every weakness you try to protect. When you're not interested in being part of the mainstream, people pick up on that.

Edward: I remember reading Bukowski's Factotum where he was working on the railroad and all the other workers didn't like him because he was different.

Nick: Yeah, I've run into that as an adult as well. If people aren't interesting then I don't want to talk to them. If that makes me an asshole to people, then that's ok with me. I just will not put on a false front with people.



Edward: Tell me about the new book you're working on.

Nick: Hardcore Motherfucker. I wrote most of the material when I started thinking about getting a divorce. Most of it is about the feeling that when you're with someone for 24 hours a day and, while it may be a good thing at first, after a while, the conversation gets dull, and the excitement is just not there. Then, all of the little things...the way the person's bones crack when they move, the sound of their heart beat...all of those things start to grate on your nerves. Things you wouldn't think about any other time. It's about being with somebody, but yet still being alone. Being lied to. All the negative things you could imagine in a relationship.

Edward: Well, I think I have run out of questions.

41



**Retrovirus and Opportunistic Infection:
-One Person's Look Inside A
Central Kentucky Enigma-
-an investigative report by Peter Hrabak-**

I will never forget my first personal experience within the World of Creeps. It was the night of January 26th, 1994, and I had just finished my airshift at RFL. Forging through the bitter cold towards my car, I heard a strange, disembodied sort of music. Enchanted and suddenly invigorated, I headed towards the source of the otherworldly sound. Eventually, after concluding that it was, indeed, coming from a dumpster next to Boyd Hall, I sat down to enjoy this personal concert.

I had arrived in time to hear the last three songs, two of which I have not heard since, and the third I now know to be entitled "Shrunken Dennis Head". Staving off wild cheering and clapping, I rose to my feet to see who could be producing this symphony of strangeness. An odd little troll of a man, wearing a crossing-guard's uniform and a Franklin D. Roosevelt mask emerged first, brushing off dust and muttering to itself in a tongue that sounded suspiciously like Jawa. Upon his seeing me, I offered a "Hey, what's up, man? Good show!" He promptly turned and ran, screaming, clutching all manner of homemade percussion and tape recorders.

Knowing that I could hear a second voice (the harmonizing on "Shrunken Dennis Head" was almost tear-jerking), I poked my head into the dumpster and saw the other half of this gruesome twosome. Clad in only a pink nightgown, curlers, and mudmask ensemble, this taller, somewhat more repulsive musician was packing up his guitars and Casio keyboards. I congratulated him on a show well done, but he acted as if I didn't exist. I thought it was obvious with that kind of attitude - I was dealing with a seasoned veteran of the rock circuit. Little did I know how wrong I was. I had just had a run-in with Retrovirus and Opportunistic Infection.

Late in the spring semester of '94 the campus underwent the polity of the Student Government elections. As we all know, T.A. Jones came out on top of the heap (at least for a while), but to a handful of careful observers there was an omen of things to come: Write In Retrovirus and Opportunistic Infection In For President flyers, hastily hung overnight near the polls.

Of course, I had no clue what my encounter and these election signs meant until a few months later. Spring semester was over and done with (hallelujah) and I started the inevitable summer job of delivering patio furniture to about 50% of Kentucky's counties. It seemed that no matter where I went, I would see signs of RV & OI. Sure, I was delivering casual furniture to upper and middle class families, all day but...

- I stopped at a Montgomery County roadside diner to ask directions, and, in the restroom, "Be A Creep...Or Don't" was written in the stall in green permanent marker.

-One afternoon, while driving down a gravel backroad of Boyle County, I saw two hitchhikers. Normally I don't pick up travelers, but these two seemed familiar. As I pulled up in front of them, the shorter of the two (clad only in a pair of boxer shorts and a Panama Jack t-shirt) took one look at me, screamed, and ran off in the direction that I had come from. Deja vu. The other fellow (wearing a tuxedo), upon seeing what his partner did followed suit, but not after handing me a lottery ticket with the words "Stink Creep Gooba" scrawled on it in grease pencil. The ticket ended up being worth twenty bucks, but the words remained a mystery at the time.

-In Richmond one morning, I had delivered my table set especially early so I decided to kill some on-the-clock time. Spotting a sort of antique mall - I believe it was on Water Street - I parked and went in. I felt drawn to the back corner of the place: mildewed, musty, and intriguing. I didn't want to wake the proprietor of this particular booth, so I looked over his display cases quietly... that is until I spotted a diorama of Retrovirus and Opportunistic Infection cassettes and a cry of surprise escaped me. The man awakened and, upon seeing what I was looking at, chuckled a chuckle of years of experience. What did he know? Who was he? Did he know RV & OI? Not daring to ask at the time, I bought one of each tape (five total) and returned to Lexington, as perplexed as ever. These tapes (specifically Threat of the Mindless Ones, Plugmold, Bus to Berea, Run For Your Lives, and Pez Fantasies) still offered no real clues as to the origin and identities of this enigmatic band.

When the school year started back up again, I decided to scour everywhere for information. Noticing that each of the RV & OI cassettes were issued on Creeps Records, I had a piece of information that could point me in the direction of the origin of these troubadours. I went to a certain campus record store to see what they could tell me. It so happened that they had a dusty old copy of another Retrovirus and Opportunistic Infection release in the employee lounge: Drunk Again. They explained that Lexington's very own Jeffrey Scott Holland had created Creeps Records to springboard RV & OI into fame and fortune.

Now, seeing as I work at WRFL along with Jeffrey Scott, I was shocked to have never heard a mention of RV & OI, let alone Creeps Records... an interrogation was necessitated.

Jeffrey Scott was very forthcoming about everything he knew about the Retrovirus and Opportunistic Infection conundrum... which was very little. Apparently he himself has only met RV & OI a handful of times, each time more perplexing than the previous. The initial few were chance run-ins like I had experienced. After becoming fixated by this RV & OI mythos, like I had, he summoned up the smarts to give them his business card during the next chance meeting, this time at a convenience store in Estill County.

Limited by obligations to his many other jobs, pastimes, and speaking engagements, Jeffrey Scott was releasing an average of 3 sixty minute cassettes full of Retrovirus and Opportunistic Infection material a year. Compare this to the "over 150" microcassettes that he has received and the "at least 200" that RV & OI report as being destroyed when the Danville warehouse that they hid them in got bulldozed for a parking lot, and it becomes frighteningly obvious just how prolific this duo is.

Soon thereafter this now-historic correspondence began. With no return address or any other indications of a "home base", the duo proceeded to send all manner of microcassette tapes, videos, souvenirs, and long, almost novel-length letters by overnight mail, twice a week. Apparently Opportunistic Infection, who I learned was the running, screaming one, is quite a writer.

Jeffrey Scott obtained full legal permission from Retrovirus and Opportunistic Infection to publish their music

and manage their public relations. Receiving strict instructions from the boys themselves, Mr. Holland had slowly, painstakingly compiled songs onto cassettes according to their exacting specifications. Some tracks required remastering or other studio filtering, as the band was not working with the most professional equipment, so JSH called in JLK to help. More about that later.

Mister Holland had to leave the interview at that point to speak at a Welder's Union meeting in Cynthiana, but I managed to fill my collection of RV & OI material to the limit by buying the remaining available tapes from JSH. Also, as he grabbed his duffel bag and headed for the door, Jeffrey Scott advised me to call JLK, the aforementioned CEO of JLK Records and part-time partner in the Creeps Records endeavor.

And, thus, a call was placed to the offices of JLK Records. After convincing the unyieldingly firm secretary that I was referred by Mr. Holland, I was patched through to JLK's personal speakerphone.

JLK (I still don't know his real name) is a powerful, busy man, but he genuinely cares for his clients and his audience, helping them in any capacity that he can. Not only did he fax me a Retrovirus and Opportunistic Infection discography, but he elaborated a little on each album in particular. After inviting me on a tour of the JLK Productions complex (where, incidentally, the RV & OI tapes are pressed, printed, and shipped), he had to leave for a board meeting.

With Jeffrey Scott Holland's time and JLK's help I have been able to construct a larger, more meaningful picture of Retrovirus and Opportunistic Infection. Here are my main findings, in discography form, with comments by JLK in quotes:

Bus To Berea - 1992

"Classic 'debut' cassette from Creeps Records."

-Features the songs "Guk", "Moon Over Richmond Bank", "Fergie", "Baldboy", "Mall" (an angry song about Richmond Mall), and "Roadkill"

Plugmold - 1993

"One of Jeffrey Scott's personal favorites."

-Features the songs "The RV & OI Saturday Morning Kid's Show", "Brumfield's Hay & Grain", "Nurses Registry", and "Get Coke, Hank Pym"

-widely recognized as the perfect introduction for the layman into the RV & OI phenomenon.

Threat Of The Mindless Ones - 1993

"No song titles have ever been derived for what is performed on this album"

"30 minutes of driving around Lexington... when they still had valid drivers licenses."

-re-issue of an EP, originally recorded in 1980

Pez Fantasies - 1993

"No comment"

-Features the songs "Born To Be In Richmond" and "Water Towers Look Like Martians"

-Widely recognized as the worst of the RV & OI efforts, but still worth a listen.

Standoff In Waco - 1994

"One of their best, most popular, and furthest reaching - spawned a Kentucky-wide tour that lasted all of the summer of '94"

-Features the songs "Shrunken Dennis Head", "Chubu" (about the mythical Chubu Trading Company), the 20 minute epic "Copa-Ca Heathcliff", "One Way Street" (featuring Stinky), and "Shiny Happy People" (yes, the REM tune)

-Album title refers to Waco, KY, not the one in Texas.

Drunk Again - 1994

"A compilation of songs recorded in cars, from the early to mid '80s." -Features the songs "Proud To Be Your Bud" (from the beer campaign of the same name),

"Someone's Door Is Open", "My Patriotic Ass", and "It Came From Danville"

-Influenced Dick Clark to send an autographed 8x10 glossy to RV & OI

Really Immature - 1994

"Classic album recorded by a very young RV & OI... also in a car"

-Features "Card Catalog Creeps"

Run For Your Lives! - 1994

"Another re-issue of an old EP."

-Features "Stealing The Garbage Of Asians"

Then we come to the two "lost" albums of Retrovirus and Opportunistic Infection's repertoire. Both were recorded, produced, and ready to hit the stands, but for some reason never did...

The Underpasses of Madison County -

1994

"An aborted compilation from JLK Records which would have featured some of the earliest known RV & OI recordings"

We Do It With Pumpkins - 1994

"A Halloween album which was recorded after the actual holiday. Maybe next year."

-Features the song "The Blood of Bums"

There is also one more album that is recorded and is slated for a 1995 release.

The Tapes Are Cooked But The Humor Is Raw - 1995 (?)

"An all new, mind expanding compilation of the best of the 1994 holidays."

Finally, a few factoids related to me by both JSH and JLK:

-the only Kentucky county that RV & OI have not recorded in is Jefferson County. RV has been quoted as saying "Ayeyiyiyiyayeyiippiyeyiokyay! Yuck." as the reason for this discrepancy.

-there are a reported 4,963 tapes (as of January 12th, 1995) completed by RV & OI, most of which are in storage at OI's aunt's house.

-many classic sessions have gone unrecorded because of their ineptitude in finding the "record" button or changing dead batteries.

-JLK Productions, distributor for Creeps Records, is slowly making re-releases of the out-of-print RV & OI albums. That includes the entire discography. JLK Productions can be reached at:

JLKWAK1@ukcc.uky.edu

-that same e-mail address is home to Pusm Online, the new weekly electronic newsletter of JLK Productions and Creeps Records.

-Creeps Records Headquarters can be reached at Creeps Records c/o Jeffrey Scott Holland, PO Box 5068, Richmond, KY 40475.

-Mr. Holland is planning to mount an expedition to Danville in the near future in an

effort to locate any tapes that may have survived the Warehouse Incident. Those wishing to lend support, physical or financial, may contact him via Online Pasm.

-sparing no territory unexplored, both men perform on keyboards, drums, and vocals. However, Retrovirus is known to specialize with the guitar and Opportunistic Infection lists "percussion" exclusively.

-JLK himself has appeared on an as-of-yet unreleased RV & OI song. While in line at the concession stand at a UK game, he heard them performing down the concourse. As he approached them, OI enlisted his help to hold the recorder to facilitate an all out keyboard jam. When this song (still untitled) is released, be sure to listen for JLK's popcorn munching "guest vocal".

Before I conclude, I wish to extend thanks to both JLK and Jeffery Scott Holland for their immense help in writing this article. Look for these men in the future as the engineers of RV & OI's inevitable forthcoming fame.

The investigation is not finished, however. As long as Retrovirus and Opportunistic Infection are alive, I believe that the mystery will continue to deepen. In the meantime, take your own late night walks, buy your own copies of the RV & OI albums, and begin your own quest for the answer to the Retrovirus and Opportunistic Infection enigma.

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RINGING IN MY EARS

-by SCOTT RUSSELL

Are you a shoe-gazer? Do your favorite bands sweep you away with a wailing-wall of sound? Starflyer 59 is for you! Their debut Starflyer 59 is heavily layered groove and industrial dance. Minimal lyrics and potent musicianship are the order of the day. More than just a rave band, these guys are even trippy unplugged. Heavy, heavy tunes from some deep-soul flyers. Listen for "Blue Collar Love" and "2nd Space Song." Better yet, call in and request them!

Poor Old Lu will admit it. They're from Seattle! At a time when this can be a real detriment, these "yoots" keep plugging away at their trade. Tight guitar work and mature lyrics are but the surface of this band. My personal thrill is to hear Scott Hunter's vocals. Hard to believe he's 19. Their latest release is called Sin, an honest, introspective journey. Lament and triumph in a musical watershed.

Has anyone else noticed? Punk is back. Well, actually it never left thanks(?) to groups like Rancid and Bad Religion. Not to be outdone, some new, young punks are making waves. Magnified Plaid and Blenderhead are two forces to be reckoned with. Magnified Plaid (aka MxPx) are young and want to tell you about it. From "Bad Hair Day" to "Another Song About TV" (tv sucks) the message on Pokinatcha is short (under 2:00) and speeds breakneck. Melodic vox is notable. Blenderhead had a worse day. These guys are a bit angrier and determined to make it stick. "Alcohol House" is a passionate look at life with an alcoholic. "Cesspool" is angst ridden, yet not hopeless. Very interesting stuff on Prime Candidate for Burnout, not to mention the nuns. Hey, you won't see punk in my musical IV anytime soon, but in Blenderhead and MxPx, I like what I hear.

The Swirling Eddies are nearly impossible to categorize, kind of like the Horsies (oops, I guess that'd make a category). Their latest is called Zoom Daddy, a collection of stream of consciousness mood poems with disjointed and even manic accompaniment. The disc opens with "I Had a Bad Experience With the CIA, and Now I'm Gonna Show You My Feminine Side," and moves into polkas and lounge-lurch with real finesse. "The Twist," "Sweet Mother of God," "God Went Bowling," and "Disco Love Grapes" are among favorites. Did I mention they were eclectic?

LSU is not the marching band of Louisiana State, but rather a 12 year old band from So Cal. Mike Knott is the genius/madman behind an impressive history of loss and recreation. Through several member changes and the birth and demise of an independent label, Mike and Co. continue to turn heads and stun devotees with each new release. Grace Shaker is a frank look at alcoholism, continuing the trend set by '93s World Tour which glimpsed the flesh markets of sex addiction and degradation. Unbelievably tight musicianship and gripping vox, not to mention those lyrics combine to make unforgettable recordings. Don't miss Mike's solo works, Screaming Brittle Siren and the latest Rocket and a Bomb. Rocket is reminiscent of Paul K. and profiles 11 distinct individuals, from a drunk headed to detox and a woman who eats her husband to John Barrymore Jr. and Jan the Weatherman. Don't miss this. Really, I'll be hurt.

From the distant shores of Scotland comes a band called Iona. Actually that is an island sacred to the heritage of both Catholics and Protestants. The members of Iona are a diverse group, from the lead singer who "moonlights" as an MD, to bassist Nick Beggs of past Kaja(googoo) fame, and drummer Teri Bryant who has previously worked with Morrissey among others. Their musical offering is a mix of ethereal jazz and neo-celtic interludes. Beyond these Shores is a concept album of water voyage. There is an undeniable spirit behind these tracks. Don't say you never heard...

The Crossing are a traditional Celtic band from the streets of Chicago(?). Actually, they are members of a large inner-city community, each of whom happen to enjoy and record Celtic and traditional folk music. Their first major release Dancing at the Crossroads contains reels and jigs and tearful ballads. "Boid Little Preacher," "There Were Roses" and "Ecstasy" are favorites. The last is an Appalachian hymn from the hills of Kentucky. The music is stunning in its simplicity and captivating in its strength. Need I say more?

BAND NOTES FROM THE 1994 CMJ MUSIC MARATHON by Chuck Powell

A few first impression sketches of bands which played at the College Music Journal Showcase in New York City, 1994.

DAG: white guys as Prince. Not very good at it either.
PICASSO TRIGGER: yeah, FUCK, hyper-real guitar, FUCK, redneck-punk-supreme heaven, FUCK.

LAZY: so you guys can write a Pixies bass line. Next...
DRUNKEN BOAT: Drunken Boat is pretty good.

VELVET CRUSH: Yawn.

IVY: Are bands this smooth and good before they sign or is it the magic of signing that makes them better? Really good but only have one horse (smooth, mid-tempo heavenly vox pop) and I don't hope they don't ride it to death.

PONY: Sing to the tune of Prizefighter. "Cake baker. Pie slicer. Lord Vader. Cheese Grater. Power Ranger. Lawn Mower. 40-drinker. Rump shaker.

SUPER JUNKY MONKEY: vote for best show. First thought: "I outweigh this entire band combined." Better than almost anything. Forget that condescending "Nippon rock" crap; these women own you.

CASEY SCOTT: she looks bigger on her CD covers; she said it's the hat. Her music these days is meaner, jazzier, catchier, and cooler. Too bad both times she played for 19 of her friends and me. If you can find her music, buy it.

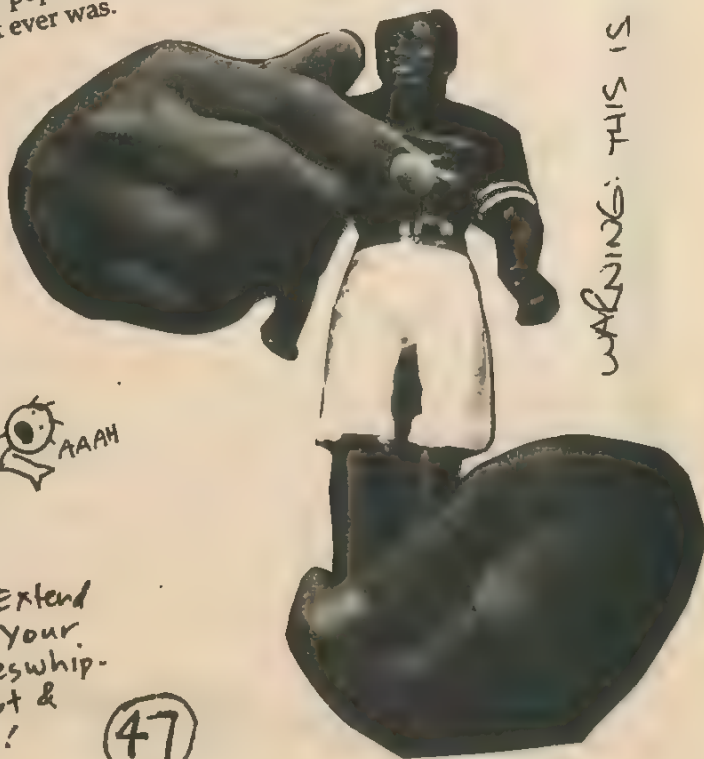
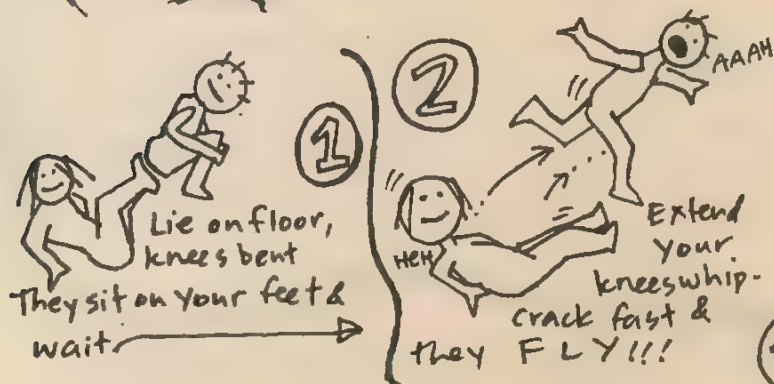
RUBY FALLS: Interesting from a distance. Not the greatest but good t-shirts.

PITCHBLEND: the reason I'm breaking out of that 3-chord punk-pop thang. Dull, repetitive, and immensely popular for no good reason.

TSUNAMI: Great. Period. Same as it ever was.

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WELCOME to PUSM

By Horatio Melba

Just what is PUSM Music? Very good question. What is PUSM? Can you buy PUSM at the corner drugstore for \$2.98 a pop? Does PUSM come back with a money-back guarantee? The answer to these burning questions, gentle reader, depends on your definition of PUSM, which, unfortunately, there really is none.

In this era of labels, we tend to classify everything and anything into groups for proper and easy organization. As a result, things tend to become more disorganized than we had hoped, since the purpose of assigning labels was to make things more organized in the first place. Music is no exception. We tend to group genres of music depending on what "types," what "kinds" of music they are. In fact, we label our music in such a way that the label becomes the music, and instantly everything about the music becomes the label, which has both positive and negative connotations.

Alternative music, for example. The debate has been done to death, how once the term "alternative" meant the type of music that college kids listened to, the kind of music that hip high school students listened to in an attempt to be cool, and the type of crap that no radio station in the universe would dream of polluting the airways with.

Today, "alternative" is something that everyone listens to, and it carries the label of "this is cool;" that EVERYONE in the universe now listens to it. Even WRFL has tried to stray away from the realm of the so-called "mainstream alternative" and play their definition of what is truly "alternative" (with varying degrees of success). And so, the people who originally termed the label "alternative" are searching for a new label, a new name, be it "progressive," "modern rock," "non-mainstream alternative" . . .

. . . or pUSM?

Not exactly.

PUSM (rhymes with "bosom") Music is not necessarily "alternative" music, although it can be classified as such (and has been, on more than one occasion). It could also be listed under pop, country, rock, disco, punk, thrash, jazz, garage, industrial, blues, crap or any of the hundreds of other labels used to finger music today. Look at all the types of shows that WRFL produces. Can PUSM fit into any of them? Sure. Can they fit into any of the shows yet to be produced or defined? Sure.

Pusm could be described as the ultimate "alternative music" radio station, which would consist of a rock song followed by a jazz song followed by an old country song followed by 23 minutes of a baby burping and an old man farting (not in unison) followed by a punk song followed by an easy listening tune followed by a new wave instrumental. It encompasses all, yet cannot be pigeonholed into one specific type.

Pusm is music performed by two old men, naked, sitting in a dank basement of a condemned building, beating on crusty mail crates and themselves with empty paper towel tubing. Pusm is music performed to the tune of Casio keyboard rhythms and drum machines. Pusm is soulful pop blending an assortment of harmonies from the Beatles to the Bears. Pusm is some guy mixing his voice in a thousand-dollar studio so it sounds nothing like him. Pusm is performed by people who do not know how to play their instruments, sing or where the record button on a tape recorder is. Pusm is the stuff that WRFL almost absolutely refuses to play and that Cut Corner regrets having put on consignment.

Pusm is in stereo. In mono. It is so bad it is good. It is so bad that it is really bad; as a matter of fact, it really, really sucks. It is digital. It is crudely recorded by placing a condenser microphone of a handheld recorder in front of an old crusty speaker. It is recorded on Tascam 4-tracks. It is recorded on a microcassette. It is recorded on Minidisc. It is recorded on a butter lid. It is amateurish. It is professional. It is fun stuff.

Okay, so after describing that the arms of Pusm embrace all yet pushes everything away, which specific musical acts fit under the Pusm Music banner? The answer lies in the fact that Pusm does not define one genre, so therefore virtually any band that has that little extra "pusm" . . . can be classified as Pusm.

However, when someone mentions "pusm," we instantly think of such artists and bands as the BRANDON STRING TRIO, JLK SEMICOLON ETCETERA, THE HARTMAN BAND, RETROVIRUS AND OPPORTUNISTIC INFECTION, THE PILGRIMS, FORMULA LX-321, THE FISHERMEN, JOE SIBOL, JEFFREY SCOTT HOLLAND, GATORBAIT, JON WIENING, PENIS YOUR MAJESTY, CARLA GOVER, THE KABIRS, OTHERWISE ENGAGED, GRILLO, STINKY, THE MODEL HIGH SCHOOL BAND, KURT ADAMS, TOFU, FLEEM, THE LAUGHING MEADOWS, JS BOX, TETANUS TOXOID, CENTRAL ROCK COMPANY, HERBIVOROUS DAYGLO SPAMTINS, YOUNG HELIIONS, THE LAUGHING K'S, JLK AND THE MAC BAND, SHAY QUILLEN, SCOTT ARMEL and every artist signed to JLK RECORDS and CREEPS RECORDS, as well as an assortment of other music acts yet to be defined.

The answers to these burning questions and more can be found in the pages of THE PUSM PAPER, a semi-quarterly publication that chronicles the players in the world of Pusm. However, with no new issue in sight (at least for the time being), you can be connected to the world of Pusm through the information superfreeway. PUSM ONLINE is a weekly electronic equivalent of The Pusm Paper, bringing the latest news and info from Pusmland. PUSM ONLINE features news, album and bootleg reviews, concert information and other stuff that you just can't live without. News is gathered from readers as well as the fine morons behind the publication. Recent issues have focused on such fascinating topics as the new Hartman Band albums, sightings of Retrovirus and Opportunistic Infection, set lists from Jeffrey Scott Holland's new act Formula LX-321, and all those fine projects from Creeps Records.

To sign up on the Pusm Highway, all you need is an e-mail account. Write to PUSM PRODUCTIONS, care of jlkwak1@ukcc.uky.edu and they will sign you up.

Pusm Music. It is the world that makes you breathe deeply and say "Hey, I could make music better than that!" It is the universe that exhales back at you "Then why don't you?"

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- HORATIO MELBA is editor-in-chief of The Pasm Paper, which hopes to resume publication someday.

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Think of the peer acceptance you'll garner at having ordered a zine that's "cool" and "in your face". It's like getting a tattoo or something!! ♡

Think of how "in-the-know" you'll feel purchasing the second fastest selling zine in New York City!! Yow!!

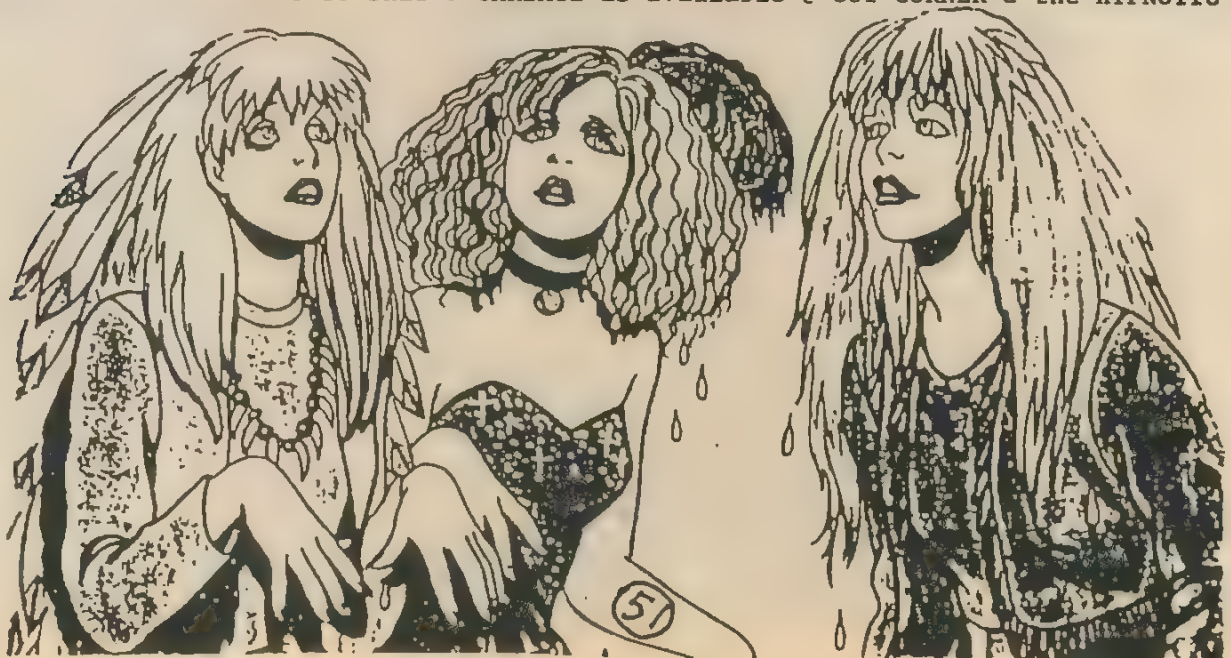
♡ Think of the reading pleasure you'll endure with each and every issue!! Whether I'm interviewing comic artists (like Pete Bagge, Dame Darcy, & Dan Clowes), printing lascivious & lewd photos of my enormous breasts, or waxing poetic about the trials and tribulations of childhood; everything I write is great!!

...Or so says RANDOM HOUSE, who've recently contacted me about appearing in an actual book. And the UTNE READER, who've paid me lots of money to reprint selections from my first issue-- and who put my name on the cover next to Newt Gingrich's!!

...Or hell, you could even ask sources such as FACTSHEET 5, MAXIMUM ROCK'N'ROLL (who are so desperately in love with my publication---which is in no way "PUNK"-- that they gave me a GRANT in order to keep publishing), FLIPSIDE, HATE, PSYCHOTRONIC, or even the beaver-laden pages of HUSTLER.

What it all boils down to is this: Will you be able to say you knew me when?

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DIGABLE PLANS & SPEARHEAD

MARCH 6th 1995 Student Center Ballroom - Lex, Ky *



Wow. Dig Plans AND Spearhead, right here in Mediocre-ville. Yikes. Yeah, you know I was psyched from the start. The night of the show I went down to the station (Y'know, THE STATION) and found a whole posse of fanboys waiting for Spearhead to coe down for the interview. Fanboy is as fanboy does, I stuck around, too. Homeboy walked in and my first impression was "Damn, the brother's tall!" And nice, too, very unpretentious and friendly. Michael, along with Ras I Zulu kicked somw serious knowledge with our very own Sami Ibrahim (music director and rap guru). Michael spoke about his days with the Beatnigs, the breakup of the Disposable Heroes, and even freestyled a bit. Okay, cut to the show.

Spearhead got on stage and took no time in gettin' the crowd hoppin'. You could tell this town needed some real music. The funky sextet of musicians tore through a sweaty hour of tunes from their album Home, including: "People in da Middle", "Dream Team", "Positive" & "Of Course you can" (which quickly was renamed "Fuck Yeah"). They also churned out a totally reworked version of "Hole in the Bucket"; a darker, more political, hard hitting rendition. Mary Harris won the hearts of the audience with her funky stage presence, deliciously lively voice and even some terrific drum work. The highlight of the set for me came when Michael's microphone somehow found its way into the crowd and into the hands of some local rappers. Homeboys started freestylin'! The audience turned its collective head and the band eased its rhythm to fit the rhyme. I was impressed and so was Spearhead. When the show ended, I was very much satiated and almost ready to go home when I remembered that Digable was playing, too. Damn, somebody wake me up.

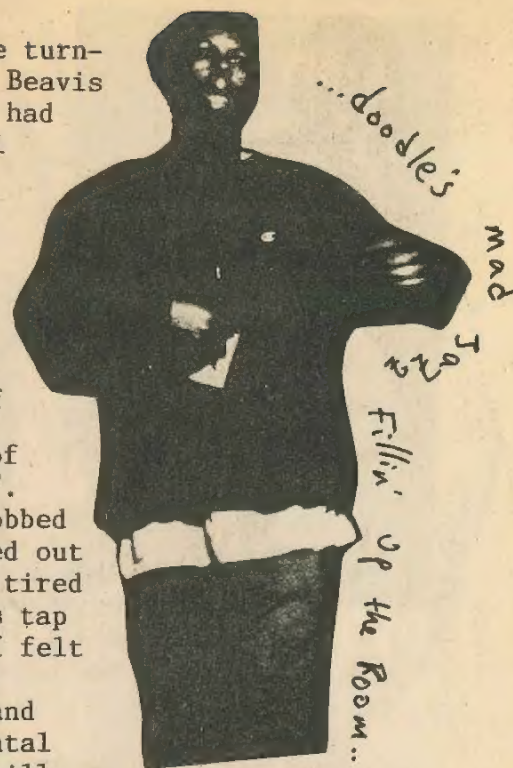
By the time DPs came on, I was bushed. People were getting a little edgy & irritable trying yo squeeze their way to the stage. My head pounded a different beat altogether.

When the band came out I noticed it was a whole different lineup than the last time I saw them (early '94 at Virginia Tech, yeah I know it's a long way to drive.)



(cont..) Jazzy Joyce had replaced Silkworm on the turntables and the little goateed bass player w/ the Beavis & Butthead shirt was gone. The insect threesome had undergone some metamorphosis themselves. Ishmael was sportin' a low key afro, Cee-Know had the mad dreads and Ladybug Mecca had long curly hair (man, Cleopatra Jones). The next hour & a half was filled with new jams from Blowout Comb including: "Borough Check", "Graffiti", "Art of Easing", "Jettin", "9th Wonder" as well as bombastic renditions of older stuff like "Nickel Bags", "Escapism", a brand new version of

"Jimi Diggin' Cats" and, of course, "Rebirth of Slick". The crowd swaggered and bobbed as one and the band sweated out the phatt jams. I was so tired by then all I could do was tap my feet and sway a bit. I felt too old to be twenty. The encore started with the band doing an amazing instrumental piece. I wiggled myself silly dancing to the slamjazzsticgroovething. The rest of the crowd didn't seem to get into it as much. Too bad for them. The Planets finished up with "the May 4th Movement" and left us drained but smiling. We shuffled out of the student center with the echo of the Crooklyn vibe still linger in our ears.



FUNK is You
Funk is Me

the Baggy Baggy Jeans, the Knotty knotty hair

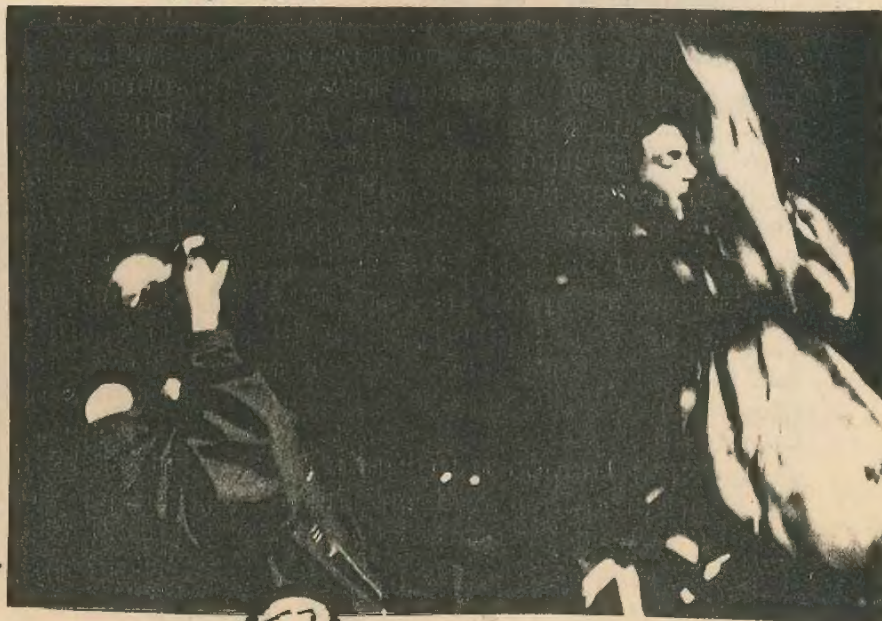
18 million
miles
above
these
devils



68 inches
above
sea
level

FUNK is US

FUNK is free



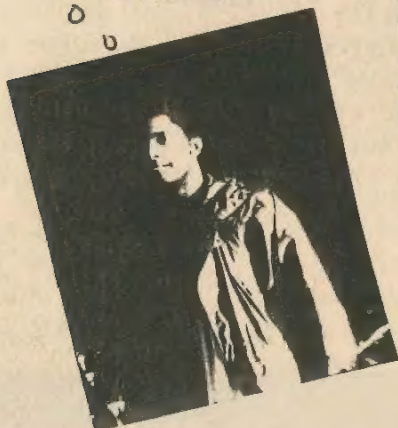
SWOON Unit



Postscript: The next night while I'm at work, Ladybug and three of her friends came in to buy film. I was surprised and blissed out beyond belief. She recognized me from the night before & we chatted for a minute about nothing. I told her that I'd seen them play a year ago along w/ Guru, she didn't seem to remember that tour. (Did I mention she looked fine?) They wandered out and I just sat there, glazed in afterglow, diggin' it all.



Hiking fly...



* Written, Photographed,
Pieced together &
dug by dan wu.

okay, i'll make this short.
UK Publishing service sucks.
They're slow, inefficient,
and they're the only choice
we (RiFLe) have as a printer.
It doesn't mean I have to
like it, and believe me I
don't. I'm writing this on
the eve of my Spring Break
road trip, because the stupid
woman at Printing gave me
the wrong info so I have to
come up w/ 4 more pages at
the last minute. Fuck UK
Publishing. Avoid them if
you can.

FRANK

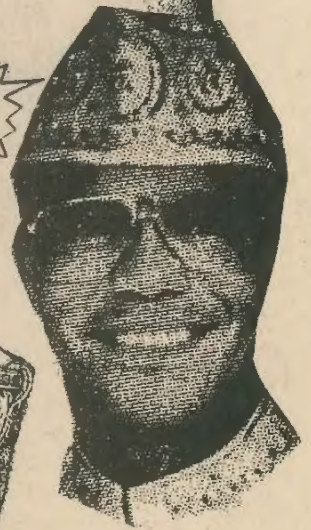
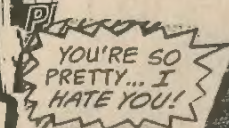
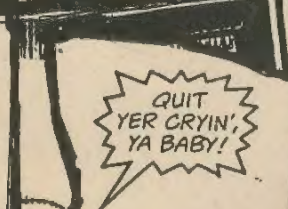
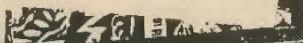
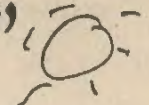
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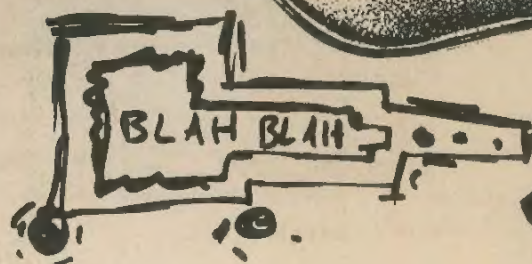
co min G sooo N, Lov ze r

“What happens next is up to you!”



this time
the books
are
COVERED!

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Smell
it



Love
it

touch
it

taste
it